

# GRABBY BASTARD

#12

WESTON

BUGOUT SOCIETY

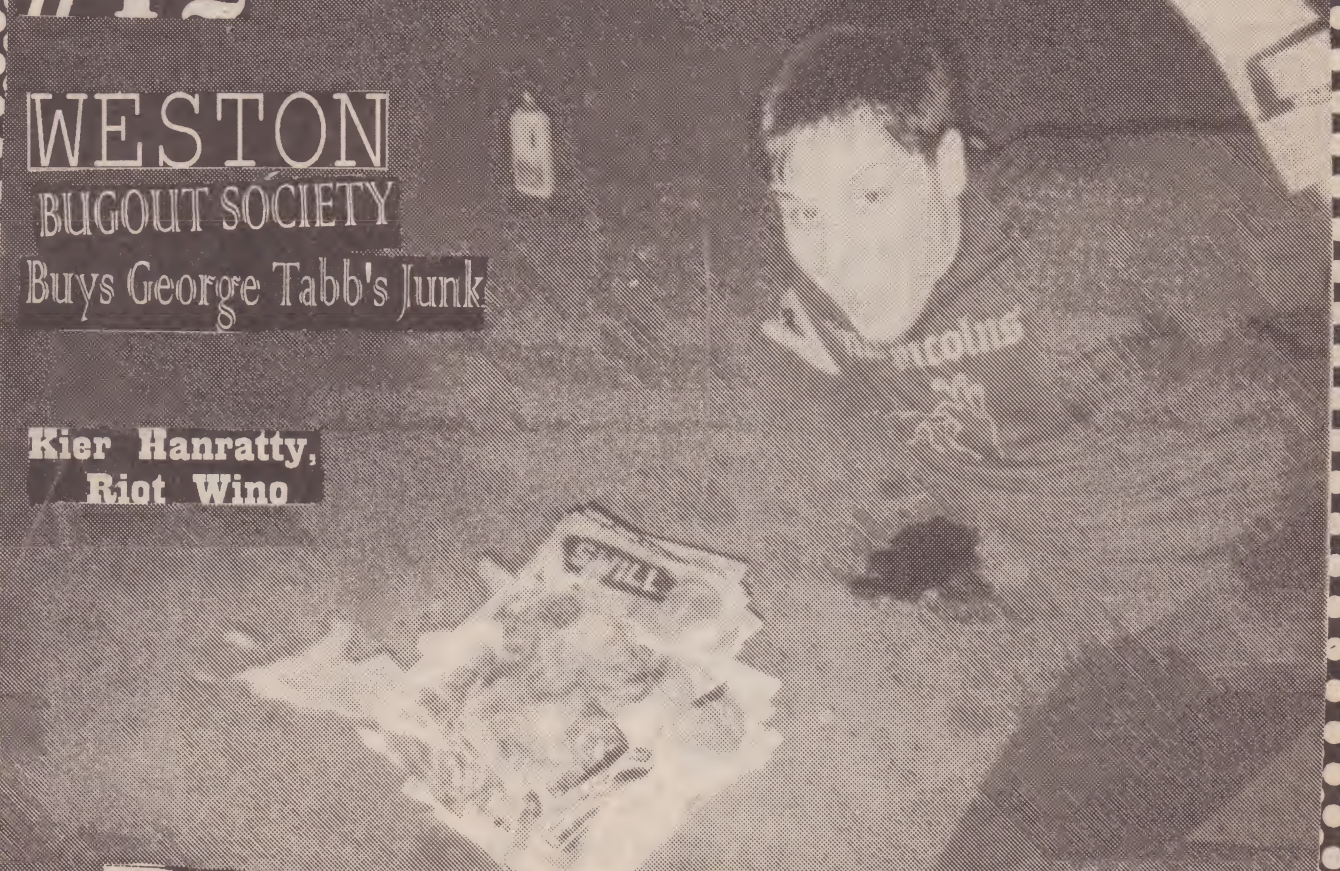
Buys George Tabb's Junk

Kier Hanratty,  
Riot Wino

Punk Rock WOPS

BONDAGE

Why You Smell





OK, you can all stop buying this now because I'm such a big cheesy sellout. 1. I got a computer. 2. I don't live with mom & dad anymore. 3. I decided to start trying to sell the promo CD's Mercury and Sony send me rather than hurling them at taxicabs when they cut me off 4. I've featured my own band at my moms request so maybe she'll be able to get to the washing machine in the basement without having to scale the mountain of BOS LPs.

One other change that I've decided to make on this mag is in the content. Since so many people have made this clear to me and my mind has really been changed on the subject. So starting with this issue the following changes will take effect.

1. All articles will have a basis of education instead of being obnoxious I'll try to show what is really wrong with society so we can all make a change. That's what it's all about, if Punk Rock is ever going to be a major political force we all have to unite and fight together.

2. No one will be interviewed, mentioned or be allowed to contribute if they are not vegetarian. And nothing nice will be said unless they are vegan.

3. When a joke is made, it will be made clear by disclaimers on all edges of the page so that all may understand that humor is being applied and this way no one will be offended.

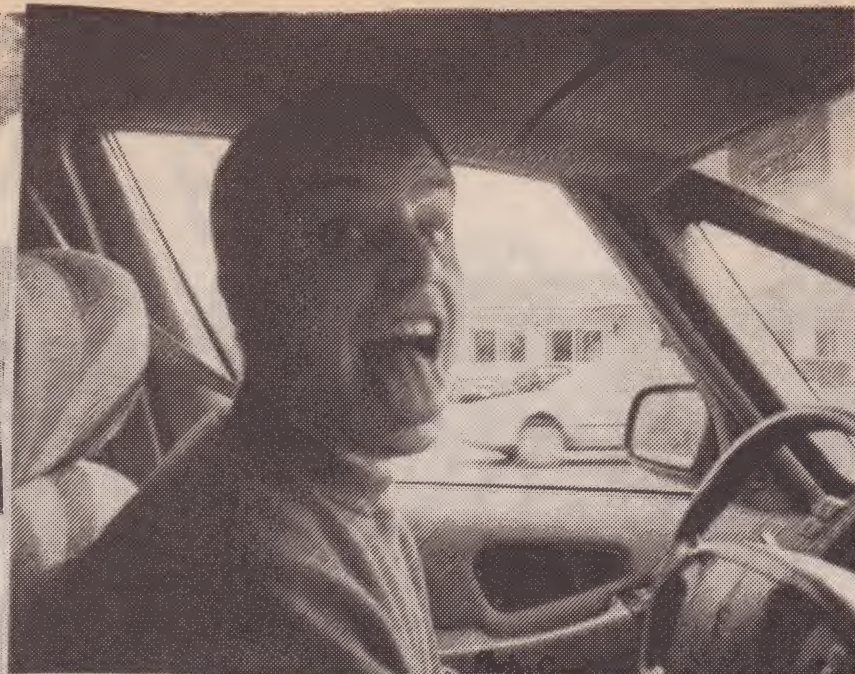
4. Greedy Bastard will no longer support any type of food that is unhealthy, or was mean to animals or pretty flowers or teddy bears and cabbage patch kids.

5. From now on everything will be written in a list of points so you'll be able to call the Greedy Bastard help line and just enter the page number and point number that you have a problem with. This is the only way to get the zine into the computer age.

6. I will no longer try to fill up the rest of the page with goofy lists making fun of hippies and their smelly fanzines.

Thank You,

Love,  
Bill



## The Cover

Ok, it's one thing for a large record distributor to put their catalogs in your face at record stores etc... But, I don't like the idea that they can just pay their workers to make a catalog look like a fanzine. I don't know if it's the fault of some zines becoming too slick and corporate looking or too many zines just becoming forums for buttlicking. But no matter what, **SWILL** does not pass for anything except a phony play for free advertising. So, since they give it out free, whenever I see a stack of them I take 'em all and I...don't recycle.

**BURN BABY BURN!**



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It really sucks when you have to do a zine in sets of eight pages and you only have seven...

# Greedy Bastard #12

## Technical Shit That Has Nothing To Do With You.

**G**reedy Bastard is distributed by the following cool people. Amendment Records, BlackList Mailorder/Epicenter, Blow My Colon, Chad Nengendank, Chaos Distro (Hi Lia!), Chuck Loose, Dougs Records, Engine Zine Distro, Eric Owens, Extreme Noise, Gilman St Table, I Love You (Hi Sean), Me First (and Iza), Michelle Hill, Mind Over Matter, Network Sound, Noize-Vision, Pete Menchetti, PuppyToss, Read Until You Die, See Hear, Spit & A 1/2, Tim Wright, Tone Deaf (Hi Jenn), Tower Magazines, TPOS, Vital Music and What (I think?) If you would like to distribute this fine mag the rates are super low.

**ADVERTISING:** The rates are the same as the last issue, if you don't have the last issue you should buy it or write me for rates. They're pretty cheap though. If you don't like a review I gave write me and I'll send you a tootsie pop. I like to trade zines even if they are shitty, but I don't review them. I am still accepting Bondage photos but they're pretty few and far between. I'd still like to get a few more people helping me out with this but the world is filled with flakes and drips unfortunately. I'm in the process of being in another band but it's a slow process that's for sure any suggestions would be welcomed. OK that's about all I can think of right now. Write me a letter I hate to see the bottom of my mailbox.

Computer Publishing is shitty this page sucks and you do too. No more, I swear!

### inside...

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# LETTERS

Dear Bill Florio

You have really hair and eyes and a very sexy mouth and smile! I'd like kissed your mouth and lips with looking at a sadist of yours. Do you care of five hydrants. I have five hydrants at a wild west yard but can't drive to see them and they leave it outside. The red cracked and they want to cut off the end or melt it like cars. You know what's happen in New York City? They're killing them. Can you save them please be a hero I love you more when you kill the murders in Brooklyn.

I went into the washroom library and a police guard ~~was~~ peeing in the wall. Do boys stand peeing? Please send a bondage photo for me. How are you get hurt? Do you have the oblongs and square for your face. I can kiss it to make feel. Oh god I can't believe you have those cuter animals in a Nazi first! I'm here a sponge bath and grapefruit ~~is~~ soap for tonight. I love you between and piss over a day. I want to kiss you!

From Nikki Freeman

2100 Street West  
Suite 100, Box 477  
Dorset, ON  
M4W 3L2 Canada

Bill-

I got a good kick out of "Greedy Bastard" #11. I rarely read 'zines for their (80% of the time) boiling down to being shoddy product endorsements of even shoddier bands, poetry or tears-welling-to-me-eyes completely boring "I went on a trip and I'm special" bullshit...I appreciated the fact that you do take a personal stand and evaluate things for yourself, keeping a critical eye in a scene that too often doesn't criticize itself in the name of "supporting the scene"...(if it's complete shit, what's the point in supporting it regardless of where things sit in "the Scene"??)

I won't try to argue musical taste with anyone. I could stand on a soapbox and spout my well-spun theory that '80's Swedish hardcore kings HUVEDTVATT and MOB 47 are the pivotal points of late 20th Century musical composing, but who cares? It's all 11th Grade scrawling "Crüe Rules" on the Trapper Keeper (tm) during homeroom. Would like to say a few things about my friends, SPITBOY, however, based primarily on working with them when I did a lot of booking at 924 Gilman Street.

SPITBOY is one of the few bands in the bay area that's maintain integrity with their success. They don't ask for guarantees, maintain a five dollar door prices, kick down and split money with touring bands regularly, and play benefit shows. I personally feel, people are less and less interested in those kind of things when they could be watching replays of "Woodstock 2" on MTV, but those things

## GREEDY BASTARD #11 TOUR DIARY

12-22-94;

My Nazi postman drops a note in my box informing me that he's holding some of my mail hostage. POSTAGE DUE .Hmmm. Whose the culprit this time, I wonder as I absently scratch my balls.

12-23-94;

12:35 p.m.

I hop into my trusty, rusty & blue Ford Escort and motor down to the post office where I bail out my captive package for a paltry 23 cents. I tear into the package as if it might contain the nude Bikini Kill pics I had ordered months ago. Instead I find GREEDY BASTARD #11 along with a curious wedding pic. On the back of the pic is a note informing me that GREEDY BASTARD editor Bill attended Cardinal Spellman H.S. and wants to trade his zine for the crummy little piece of junk I put out. Of course I do, but no time for that now. I've got library fines to pay.

12:45 p.m.

After paying off those rats at the library I swing by the local shitty record store and purchase the New Bomb Turks latest bomb. While fighting my way through the Christmas crowd I manage to get bludgeoned about the shoulders by several sets of tits.

1:15 p.m.

After retreating to my apartment I put on the NBTs and crack open a beer and GREEDY BASTARD. Lo and behold the same said Turks are prominently featured. Not only that, it's a great interview. It's confrontational. It's sensational.

--"Eric: You're more interested in your questions than our answers." ME TOO, I SCREAM. That's it. That's the story of my life.

12-24-94

11:30 p.m.

I'm laying in bed. Drunk. I'm reading GB #11 again. It's the Bikini Kill concert.

--"NO THIS IS MY ACTUAL VOICE. I HAD THROAT CANCER AND THEY BOTCHED THE OPERATION."

I start laughing uncontrollably. My girlfriend wakes up. She asks what I'm laughing about. I read it to her and she starts laughing. This is my big chance. I beg her to let me fuck her. She consents. The power of GB asserts itself once again (or should that be inserts itself once again). Whatever.

Epilogue: GB #11 was great. An even up trade would hardly be fair so here's AC #2 and TEENAGE FINGER FUCK -- a dumb little thing I just finished putting together. If you're even mildly interested, let me know and I'll be overjoyed to send you AC #1.

Thanks, Bill.

Lee Reiherzer / 820 Frederick St. Box E / Oshkosh, WI 54901

were hard fought for and worth fighting and supporting to maintain. More people seem bent on 'Punk Rock' as escapist entertainment (love songs, metal-style "political" tunes, etc.) than societal critique, a forum for progressive political ideas, etc. SPITBOY do try to speak about ideas and challenge people, and sometimes, as with 98% of what falls vaguely into the blast radius of what could be considered "Emo", it does come off as cheesy, but it's well meant. (I think the setting of a rock concert causes this effect and perhaps the fact that people aren't socialized to discuss innermost feelings in large groups and it makes people, like myself, uncomfortable.)

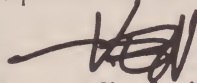
Finally, you can't blame bands for stupid fans. All bands would have to be shot (and would probably want to be) if they were responsible for their "fans" and/or people who wear their t-shirts. And come on! Comparisons between SPITBOY and the Go-Go's is like comparing BORN AGAINST to HEAVEN 17 and RORSCHACH to HUMAN LEAGUE. You're looking at an entirely different musical



# Letters Continued

ballpark.. I could take your musical criticisms a little more seriously if you could contrast SPITBOY with bands that play similar style or vein of music (regardless of the sex of the members), (i.e. POLICY OF 3, HOOVER, HEROIN, MANUMISSION, JARA, STILL LIFE, etc, etc.). SPITBOY has as much in common with the GOGO's as they do with the JUDDS and JANET JACKSON.

Finally, I do agree the "Hype" scale is a bit higher on this coast, and I don't think that's ever going to change, until MRR and the thirty plus record labels, mailorder companies and distributors, hundreds of 'zines, etc that operate out of here relocate to Peoria or wherever. Meeting a lot of people at Gilman who've traveled long distance to come there, talking to people who've called from around the country just to see what was going on, people do really look to out here for music, look out here as a place where things are "happening". I guess the point would be, and what would kill the hype, is if people forgot about here and made their own backyards happening, threw shows in their kitchen, printed 'zines and handed them out on the street, start a band with your neighbors, subvert the radio stations in your area and punk them out. It's a lot easier for people to sit on the couch and dream about moving here and how everything would be so punk and cool, but I can say from experience the other option is a hell of a lot more fun.



Ken Sanderson  
P.O. Box 410892  
San Francisco, Ca  
94141-0892

P.S. would recommend greatly Japan's all-female thrash band the GAIA-ripping stuff!

To the Jackoff called Bill  
You my friend are a DICK!  
You are low life fucking scum  
from the ass of a squatter!  
I admire that!! I thought I was  
the only dickhead to ever piss  
off large groups of Riot sluts  
but I concede. Some people say  
I'm a dick. But No! you are god  
of all dicks! You deserve to be  
dephiled by large fat bald men  
with prison tattoos. You my good man  
suck large elephant sized cocks  
infested with pubic lice. In other  
words I saw the zine review in MRR.  
I love the idea, send a copy.

Brick.

I just printed  
this one because  
it pretty much  
represents the  
standard letter  
that comes with  
the dollar to get  
my zine. It gets  
old pretty fast  
tho.

Hey Ken,  
If I were to compare  
SPITBOY to the other,  
lame emo bands that  
you suggested I would  
have to say SPITBOY  
comes out on top.

Not only does  
SPITBOY have  
more talent than  
HOOVER, STILLIFE  
etc, they are  
allowed to be  
manly where  
those

aforementioned  
can only be girly.

I think the  
comparison to the  
GO GO's is valid  
because both are  
"Girl Bands" which  
equals "Novelty."

The only  
difference  
is that the GO GO's  
produced some  
pretty great  
tunes while  
SPITBOY produce  
shitty "otta the  
Salvation Army"  
T-Shirts.  
Bill.

Dear Bill,  
Thanks alot for the zine. We enjoyed it until we got to your little "piece" about RANCID, who happen to be our bros. First off you don't know shit about nothin' you two-bit little girly. RANCID are the real reason snotty little suburban shit mouths like yourself are at liberty to put out fanzines. I guess it's real easy for you to bad mouth RANCID when you live on the sissy side of the country. Do yourself a favor, fuckface, don't even think about coming to the west coast, because if you do your gonna get a face full of fucking pussy. Since you were dumb enough to toilet paper you hide behind, you fucking pussy. may we suggest plastic surgery, and if your parents won't cover it, we'd be more than happy to rearrange your douchebag milktoast face.



# REVIEWS

**THE ASS BAROONS OF VENUS**, 4 song dbl  
7" stingy banana  
Hmmm...No one explained this one to me. It looks like The CHIMPANZEES doing 70's jungle boogie lounge music complete with ufo sounds and funky wah wahs. The GAMP would probably go nuts for this.

**BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS VOL 3**  
I'm not gonna open it just gonna sell it, ok. I think BOB Dillion only had 3 hits so they made that the first song and then threw 13 more tracks of his hippie crap harmonica dripping foul smelling spit and such.

**THE BOLLWEEVILS** History of the Bollweevils Pt! - dr strange  
Whiney melodic pop punk - fast enough to keep ya interested. They're from Chicago. I wonder if they got those short NAKED RAYGUN haircuts that every freaking band from CHICAGO seems to have. This disk is good though I could think of about 20 BUZZCOCKS covers I'd rather hear.

**BLOODY MESS & THE SCABS** - Live 7" po  
box 9021 peoria il 61612  
They're fat they wear silly wigs and they put out a live 7". They thank just about every person who's ever died of a drug overdose and everyone else they thank probably should. Well, I'm straight edge man and I'm not gonna put up with any of these fucking fat drunks anymore! I think I'll go listen to some good punk rock like BOLD. Phew, I was having a weird attack of some kind listening to this record. I'm glad that's over. Ok, next...

**CANNED TRAVOLTA** - 7"  
- go kart  
Cover bands shouldn't really put out records. 2 covers that are amazingly annoying to listen to. Hot Stuff and Time to Change which the Sea Monkeys do a much better version of. I have yet to see them play live but this record seems to suggest they may be pretty entertaining.

**BUTT TRUMPET** - Primitive Enema - emi  
Yeah, this is so cool. It's so cool and whatnot to play punk rock for shiteheads that listen to WDRE. Take all the stuff that made you like say, BLACK FLAG out and just leave the song structure and you got shit like this. Bullshit

**CAUSE FOR ALARM CD**  
victory

Nicely packaged re-release of CFA's old stuff. Good NYCHC without the metal of later years just simple punky tunes with nooyawkah type vocals, and you can even understand the lyrics real good cuz it's like, on cd. yah knoe whai'm sayin.

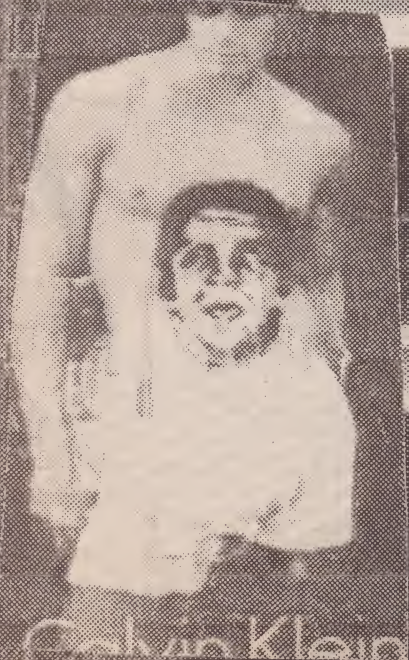
**CHOKING VICTIM** - Crack Rock Steady 7"  
- non comercial po box 2330 sty  
station NY NY 10009  
Raw Operation Ivy sounding punk record. Nothing too exciting but not bad really.

**DRIPPING GOSS**  
Blowtorch  
Consequence profile

Is there still a HEADBANGERS BALL on MTV. I don't have cable. We tried to get it installed last week but we got dissed. Anyway this is what that crappy show was made for.

**CHEATER** the hours  
7" detour m po box  
491 ny ny 10101

Joe Cocker goes indie rock? The q sides a little better but maybe they should've kept it to one side.



Cashin Klein





H.J.M. KING OF MEN



DICTATORS

EARTH CRISIS All  
Out War Cd -  
victory

Yay, I actually get to review an EARTH CRISIS release. Well, let's go over some of the comedy parts. Well the first song is all rap like with two different vocals switching back and forth. Too bad they can't rhyme. A song about how all the four foot blonde mongoloidesque vegans are gonna fight... (Well NEXT TIME) There's a song about straight edge that goes "integrity, sincerity, i choose to live against the grain." Yeah right, well I'm sorry but you weren't the first person to come up with the idea, "Hey, I'm gonna be an idiot."

EARTH CRISIS Destroy  
The Machines CD -  
victory

I dunno, the guys from this band threatened me not to say anything about them in my zine but Tony sent me the CD and an ad for it, so I guess it's ok now. If I stand the CD on the end that the side label is on it's almost as tall as the singer. And if I take the CD out it weighs as much as his little sneakers. Well when I went to 7th grade you got beat down for wearin "skips". There's nothing that could convince me that the opposite of this ideology will ever hold in any junior high anywhere. Maybe if the members of this band had made it that far they would've learned. I wonder if the next records gonna be called TOUGHER THAN LEATHER.

THE EYE SORES - Call  
The Cops 7" - \$3 to  
ryan po#3186 santa  
clara ca 95053  
Raw punk like  
Circle Jerks/Samoans  
etc... Did I say  
raw, like punk rock  
tar tar.

FEAR OF A BLACK  
HAT Soundtrack  
Yeah OK, I did  
get like tons of  
free records in the  
mail but I ran over  
to Tower to buy over  
and I spent all this  
month listening to  
this over and over  
again so now I know  
all the words to  
songs such as Fuck  
the Security Guards  
and My peanuts. I  
also saw the movie  
about 8 times, what  
the hells the matter  
with me?

FORKERMEN - tape -  
punkrock records

This sounds like  
a basement boom box  
recording, I think  
they're making up  
the songs as they go  
and they're really  
drunk. Why me.



# GREEDY BASTARD FIGHTS RACISM

Volume 1 Issue 1

May 1995

Someone corrected me about using the word Oriental because it's not proper to use it anymore. I don't understand the reasoning, no matter what term I use the implication could be that no one can tell Japanese from Vietnamese from Korean etc... "The 'correct' term is 'asian'." , she tells me. Well, I have a problem calling something within the context of an entire continent. Now, Asian could mean Indian and the way I see it, I'm not gonna settle for vindaloo when I want egg foo young! If someone says they want to sodomise me, don't I want to inquire further before I let them? What about European? This could range from some Sweede to a Cretian! (To tell you the truth, I don't care if I'm making a valid point, I think it's just cool to include the word "Cretian" in my article) And what's with this "Native American" garbage? There aren't enough American Indians out there to even make a valid complaint to what they're called, I'm just gonna call 'em...how about DRUNKS! As long as there's enough of them to run a casino I'll call 'em anything they want.

Something else was brought to my attention. Where does this Sam Adam's Lager get off trying to sell, "Strict German Purity Laws." Haven't we had enough trouble with that shit in this century already?

I don't care if you consider me homophobic but I hate those morons that make up the Irish Gay & Lesbian Organization that makes a big stink about not being able to march in the SAINT Patrick's Day parade. I don't see why anyone who is gay would be so into celebrating their ethnic culture, unless they were Greek of course. But if one of these fuckers (they say that a lot in Indiana) walked into a bar in Ireland saying they were gay they'd probably leave with a stick of dynamite in their ass with the pope's picture on it. How the fuck am I supposed to understand that brogue/lisp anyway? I bet all the priests marching outnumber the out of the closet gays 10 - .1. I think St Patrick himself was gay, that's where they got all those snake stories, right.



# Weston

This interview was done with WESTON over free dinner at NJ's Maxwells where they had just played.

GB: OK, say your names and what you're eating.

CHUCK: Chuck! Chicken pot pie!

JER: Jeremiah, I'm the vegetarian Lasagna!

GB: No kidding, you have long hair! (Laugh)

DAVE: Dave! Cheeseburger!

JIM: I'm Jim. I'm eating a cold hamburger & cold fries.

JER: Interview's over! I'm ...

GB: So, being the hippie of the band... Hold on, let me get my questions out.

JER: No, you're doin fine on your own!

GB: You guys are from bethlehem PA right? I want to base this interview on that fucking hotel.

CHUCK: The Four Wise Men?

GB: NO.

DAVE: The Little Star of Bethlehem?

GB: No, the one who...

JIM: Hotel Bethlehem?

GB: No, the one...

DAVE: The Larry Holmes Communal Inn, but that's in New Jersey.

GB: Yeah, that's the one. I wanna hear some stories about that.

DAVE: I almost stole a case of beer from there one time.

GB: Does Larry hang there?

DAVE: He's in a band that plays there sometimes. He also owns a bar in Easton called The Larry Holmes Bar.

CHUCK: He bought a diner for his mother. And she owns the diner and runs the diner yet she still manages to get welfare checks.

DAVE: It's called Plosies Diner. GB: So Jerimiah, are you in favor of Larry's mom getting welfare checks, being the hippie of the band.

JER: Larry came to visit me in the hospital once so he could do anything he wants. I was getting knee surgery and he came and autographed something for me.

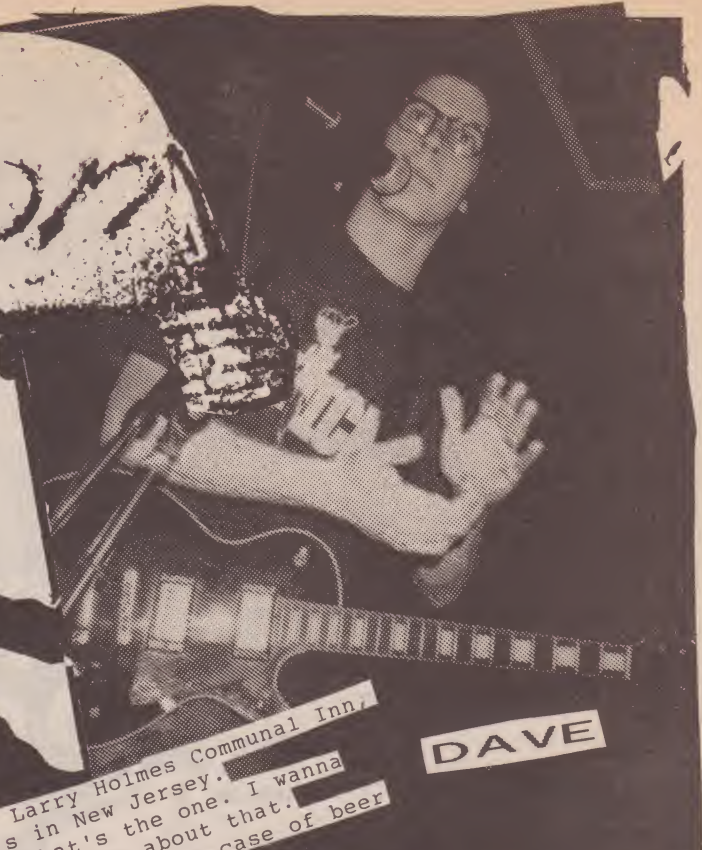
CHUCK: I made out with Mario Andretti's daughter in a pool in eighth grade.

JER: Speaking of pools Larry Holmes has a boxing glove shaped pool. It says, GB: This question is moot. It says, "Are any of you guys vegetarian or do you already get enough girls being in a cheesy pop band?" (laugh) But it doesn't have to be answered obviously, except I guess being the drummer you have to work a bit harder.

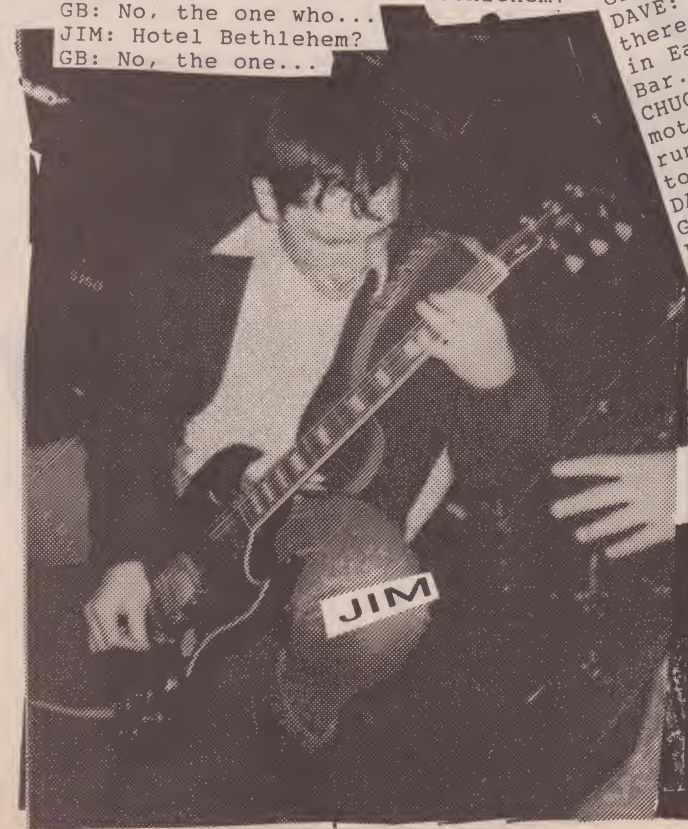
CHUCK: Jeremiah's a vegetarian. JER: That's my answer.

JER: I don't eat the meat. DAVE: I just kill for sport.

JER: These questions suck!



DAVE



JIM



JIM: This interview sucks!

GB: Who's mom bought them a wa wa for christmas and they'd feel bad if they didn't use it at least once.

JIM: I hate the wa wa pedal.

JER: The guy in the studio did it.

CHUC: The guy in the studio cajoled us into using a wa wa pedal. He was always using all the effects all the time.

DAVE: We didn't even use our feet, the guy did it in the studio with his hand.

CHUCK: No hand or organ touched the pedal.

GB: So, are you guys just in it for the food?

JER: Yeah.

GB: That's really one of the questions here!...What's your favorite Buy Our Record?

Dave: Biohazard Record?

GB: No, BUY OUR RECORD

DAVE: Easily, the PLEASED YOUTH album.

GB: What about ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN?

CHUCK: I had a poster of theirs when I went to Penn State, 7 years ago. I didn't like them though. I liked ADRENALIN O.D.

GB: I kinda got that idea from watching you guys live.

CHUCK: I saw them in their last years, they were big and fat, and couldn't move...They had T-Shirts with pictures of dice on them.

GB: Yeah, they kinda fucked up huh.

JER the faceless insignificant drummer

DAVE: I really like Paul Dukolater a lot.

GB: He doesn't do a label anymore, there's no reason to drop his name.

CHUCK: I think he really does like 'em. Yeaahhh!

DAVE: I've had my eye on him.

GB: So I heard the highlight of your tour was visiting someone in Oregon or something...

DAVE: Seattle.

CHUCK: We visited Tracy for four days.

DAVE: One morning, me & Chuck were really bored and everyone was sleeping and we were walking our fingers going doomp, doomp, dooomp, doooooomp...We were giggling so hard we had to go outside and walk around seattle for about 3 or 4 hours.

CHUCK: And we were yelling morning at everyone. We'd go MORNING! and everyone would say morning back to us.

DAVE: And we'd go, "Yes, it is! It's morning. Look at that!"

JER: I like...tour.

(The band torments Jeremiah for being vegetarian while Dave tries to hit on the waitress in front of his girlfriend)

GB: I heard you used to be a five piece but the singer was always in tune so you kicked him out.

CHUCK: This is more like an interview for you isn't it?

GB: I'm gonna make up the answers anyway! In fact, I've done it before.

DAVE: I was thinking of doing that isn't that awesome!

GB: Not when they come and try to punch you in the face!

CHUCK: Well, Jeremiah's the only violent one. The "vegetarian."

DAVE: Let's talk about Europe.

GB: EUROPE? So, did they have any other good songs besides Final Countdown?

ALL: NO!

GB: I read this zine and there was a story about how this

CHUCK

Dave, two hands!



o me there's

annah, I  
in Philly

and  
...i.p.),

(girl fooled around with the guitar  
player and then she was going back  
to her hotel room and her mom was  
making out with the drummer in the  
pool.

DAVE: I know this guy who's mom  
fucked OATES of HALL & OATES.

GB: I know this guy and his mom used  
to baby sit for Martin Sheen.

Charlie & Emilio and she got it on  
with Martin and he was still  
married.

DAVE: Wow! I'm really into that  
whole Sheen/Estevez thing!

CHUCK: Did I mention I made out with  
Mario Andretti's daughter...

GB: Henny Youngman called me at  
11:00 in the morning to tell me  
about Bar Mitzvahs. I have it on  
tape.

CHUCK: Isn't he too old to have had  
a Bar Mitzvah?

GB: Judism is like 3000 years old,  
Henny's only like 80.

CHUCK: Judy who?

DAVE: Judy Tenuta's having a bar  
mitzvah?

CHUCK: Bat mitzvah!

DAVE: BAT MAN-itzvahs.

JER: BAT MAN & the MISFITS.

GB: Hey, you guys are gonna be  
dubbed "Anti-semetic" by the time I  
get through transcribing this!

DAVE: NO way! Back it up ther  
Florio!

GB: Hey, all I know about Bethlehem  
Pennsylvania is my band played there  
twice. The first time there was 60

Nazi skinheads who wanted to beat us  
up and the second time there was 60

little kids sleeping on the floor  
and the first time was more fun.

CHUCK: My roommate's band opened up  
that show.

DAVE: I heard a rumor that we were  
supposedly hicks...Well, I myself am  
not a hick but I'm doing a thesis on  
hicks.

(Conversation goes on about what  
their parents do for a living, none  
of them work in a factory in  
Allentown)

DAVE: I want to talk about Martin  
Sheen more...

CHUCK: Ya notice they never talk  
about his illegitimate son Afro  
Sheen.

DAVE: Hey, you're gonna make us  
sound racist in this damn interview.  
First with the Jews and now the  
blacks...Bill Florio, what are you  
italian?

(In walks Will of CHAINSAW SAFETY  
records, I already know that Will  
works with the retarded and is very  
sensitive about the subject so...)

WILL: Hi, I wrote you guys a letter

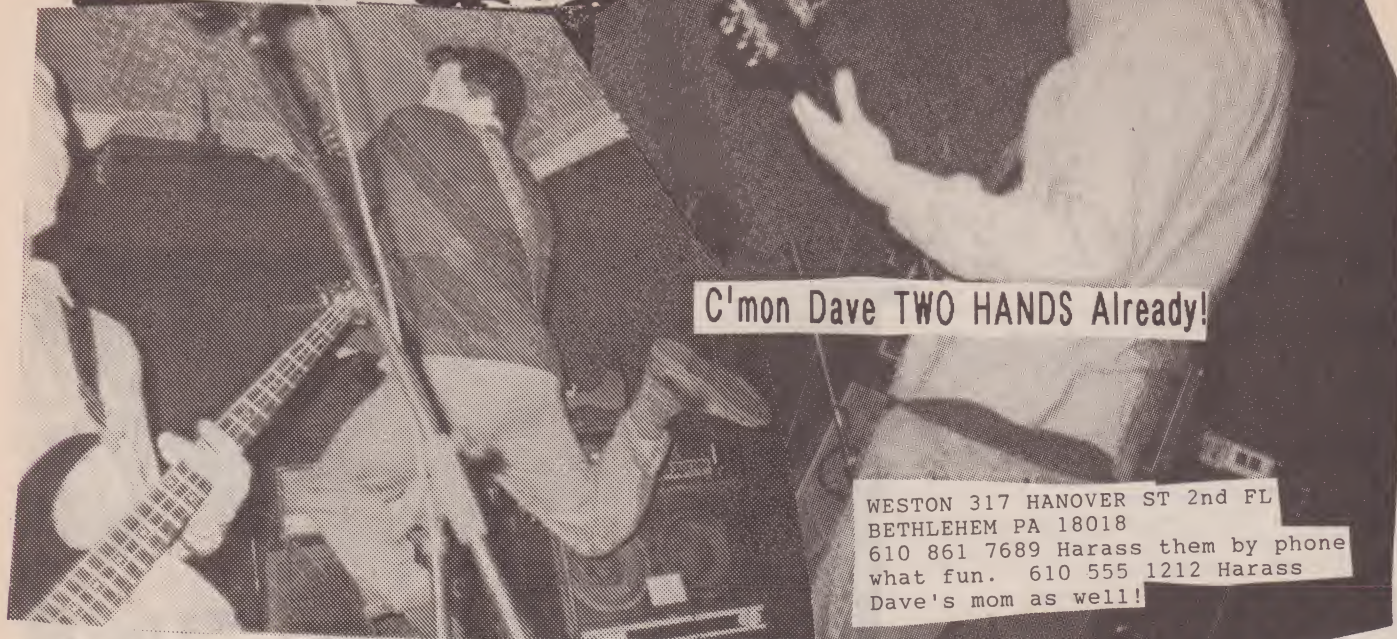
HEY!

That fucking guy with the camera keeps

unplugging our guitars.



about how I may be interested in  
doing a record with you guys...  
GB: Hey! They were just telling me  
how they just wrote a whole bunch of  
songs about retards! Maybe you can  
put them out! (Oooh, Will is not  
laughing. eek...)  
DAVE: Ya know, you're gonna be the  
subject of the forth if you don't  
cool it man! (laugh)

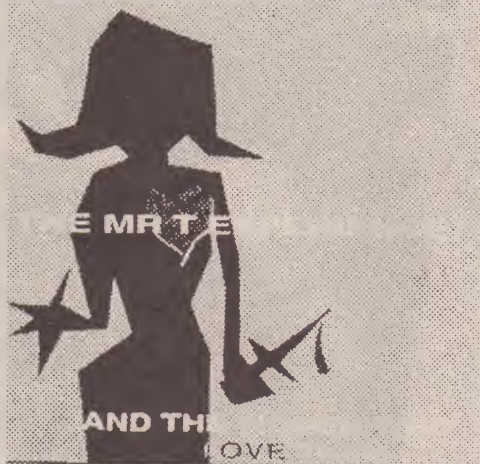


C'mon Dave TWO HANDS Already!

WESTON 317 HANOVER ST 2nd FL  
BETHLEHEM PA 18018  
610 861 7689 Harass them by phone  
what fun. 610 555 1212 Harass  
Dave's mom as well!

# LOOKOUT records

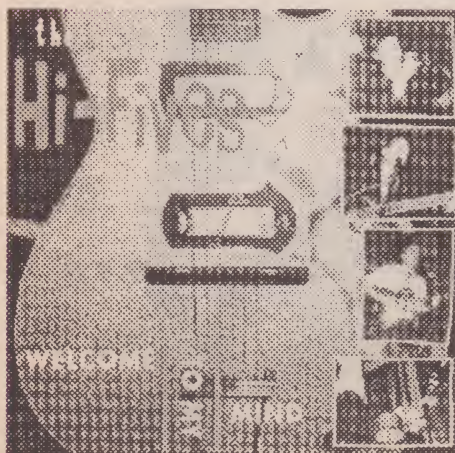
LOOKOUT RECORDS  
PO BOX 11374  
BERKELEY CA 94712



the MR. T EXPERIENCE "AND  
THE WOMEN WHO LOVE  
THEM" 7"/CDEP



SEND US A STAMP OR TWO  
FOR A 1995 CATALOG WITH  
ALL THE LATEST NEWS FOR THE  
NEW YEAR



the HI-FIVES "WELCOME TO  
MY MIND" LP/CD/CAS



THE QUEERS  
MOVE BACK HOME



**TED FRANKO Live Life**  
Live nose hair po  
box 552 patterson NY  
12563

"TED's  
HEAVIEST YET."  
C'mon, I really  
don't have to go  
through any long  
explanations, it's  
someone's Dad  
singing for a punk  
band, pure genius!

**GAS HUFFER - One Inch Masters**  
epitaph

Despite the crappy cover this is a  
pretty decent record. I'm not into  
the vocals so much, they could use a  
little more reverb or something they  
come off a little flat. This is just  
decent garagey rock n roll ya know.

**GARDEN VARIETY/HELL**  
**NO Split 7"**  
reservoir(aka fukin  
awesome) records

Hell No does  
that song tat goes  
'Bere Nerw" that they  
had me yell though

the megaphone in the  
middle of. GARDEN  
VARIETY do their  
thing on the other  
side, quite nice rec  
here.

**THE GIRLYMEN - tape**  
328 greene ave  
brooklyn ny 11238.

This was sent to  
me by lakisha after  
a letter from her  
complaining about my  
"girls don't rock"  
article. Well,  
guess what, it  
doesn't. This fits  
into the exact  
stereotype that my  
article was  
complaining about  
but it's pretty cool  
that they sent me a  
copy to review  
knowing this. Give  
'em credit for guts.

**GODHEADSILO**  
**Elephantitus of the**  
**Night kill rock**  
**stars**

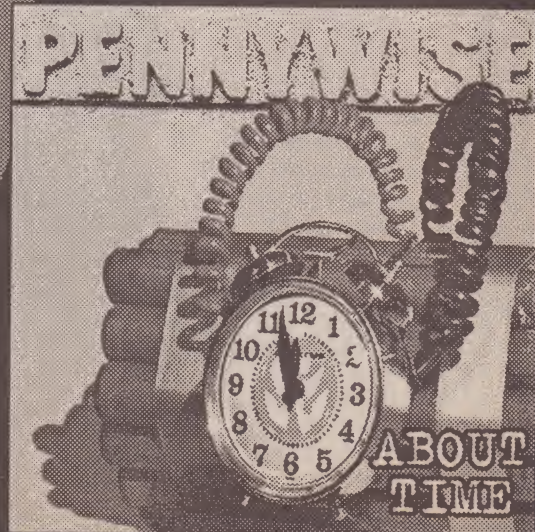
Ok, these  
guys 1. Make a lot  
of noise as a two  
piece band and  
more importantly 2.  
Are way into BMX.  
I saw them a coupla  
times last summer  
and while I wasn't  
too impressed with  
their playing I did  
notice that their  
tour was an excuse  
to go around the  
country picking up  
BMX bikes and since  
they didn't have  
all that guitar  
equip., proceeded to  
fill up the whole  
van with them.  
That's pretty cool.

# PENNYWISE

## "ABOUT TIME"

**E**  
Epitaph

LP  
CD  
cassette







## BLACK velvet FLAC

**GROUND ROUND -**  
Painting Vulgar  
Dreams 7" - 702  
records po box 204

reno nv 89504

Take everything  
I hate about music  
coming out of DC  
and mix it with  
everything I hate  
coming out of  
California and you  
get this. A record  
that I will not  
listen to ever  
again.

**THE HOT CORN GIRLS**  
- Look at my Gun 7"  
- stingy banana 335  
e 10th st #3-e ny  
ny 10009

The best  
HCG's release yet.  
Jo-Ann sings!! Wow!  
Also has Yoshiko  
from the 5,6,7,8's  
as a backup. I'm  
really glad they  
didn't break up yet,  
but I'm not so glad  
that Bob lost the  
Welcome Mats last  
time I saw them.

**GOOD RIDDANCE For**  
God & Country CD fat

Ya know when  
someone puts  
something on and you  
immediately know  
it's from the West  
Coast and everyone  
starts yelling to  
turn it off. That's  
this.

**HELL NO Superstar**  
Chop 7" - wardance

Excellent  
Stukuls cover art,  
this is the best  
HELL NO release.  
They finally got  
something out with  
Rich which shows  
how much better  
they've gotten

**INTEGRITY Systems**  
Overload victory  
This is one  
tough sounding  
band. The vocals  
are really the

strong point along  
with the really good  
drumming. I guess  
it's a silly  
backwoods listening  
to too much meathead  
metal all your life,  
but doesn't it ruin  
the whole rockstar  
spotlight if you  
play the guitar  
solos while the  
singer is still  
singing. Maybe the  
singer'll beat the  
guitars up if he  
don't keep all the  
attention.

**THE HEDGEHOGS- 7"**  
handsome recs - 36  
paardegat 7th st,  
brooklyn, ny 11236  
Country punk,  
quite knee slappin

fun if your a  
fucking hick. I'm  
not.

## FUCKIN' AWESOME





The following letters are from my pals Angela and Jon who do an inferior zine on the west coast. With Angela I resorted to cheap shots and sending beef through the mail. But for Jon I had something more interesting. I heard that one of them threw some tirade against me in a zine so I ordered it with the help of a phoney address and alias that came close to my name (Wanda Fiero) Now some may say that offering booty to some dork from Cali with a unibrow is a bit mean, I kinda got a kick out of it. Thanks to Rachel Rivet for letting me take her picture to pose as the ultra-punky Wanda F. Here are the letters that they unknowingly contributed

Bill,

For starter's sake, I'll begin by saying that I'm typing this letter to you because I have a lot to say and because I don't want to waste two or three handwritten, time-consuming pages on someone who can't give a shit. Since this is an attack on your "friffin' liars" article in issue #11, I'll point out things that bother me as we go along.

Angela, I'm sure you typed the letter because you know I'd analyze your handwriting and see what a simpleton you are. Of course I'm a person who can't give a shit. The fact that you can attack my zine already shows what little common sense you possess. I mean, on one page I'm writing about how it's wrong to let fat people on rollercoasters and on another I'm giving reasons why girls can't play together in bands. How much respect can I really expect to get from my opinions. Another thing, for someone who's so interested in sounding their opinions, it seems you're afraid of what I'll say about your zine. That's why you wouldn't trade zines with me and that makes you a coward in my book.

First of all, by assuming that a band is bad because they're from the west coast, whether it's a joke or not, is a really pathetic attempt at article writing. By assuming that west coast bands are bad because they're from this side of the continent, you're discounting your later pages when you say the Mukilteo Faeries rock.

(Furthermore, I find it rather disgusting that you sling out words like "fag" wherever you feel like doing so, then note the merits of a notably queer label (OUTFUNK) and the greatness of a flamingly homosexual band. This practice is commonly referred to as double-talk, and not highly looked up to.)

#1 I don't assume a band sucks because their from California. I said that people from California who are in bands are drippy, idiots and I refuse to waste my time interviewing them. I do assume they suck if they're from San Diego, but that's neither here nor there.

#2 Hey, FAG is a word I hold dear to my heart, it's always funny no matter how much ya use it. Anyway I'm glad you found something in my zine disgusting I hope you fucking puke. Double-talk is language that appears to be earnest and meaningful but is in fact a mixture of sense and nonsense. I think, I make it quite clear that my zine is a bunch of nonsense but you are the one double-talking here. Actually, what you're writing doesn't even appear to be earnest nor meaningful.

You say, "I'm not criticizing SPITBOY here." Attempting to make disclaimers in what is about to become a slanderous article is beyond the point. If you're going to state that a band is horrible ("Spitboy [plays] shitty near un-listenable parble"), don't attempt to kiss their ass by saying you aren't criticizing them. Accept the fact that you are making pointless, rude comments and get on with it.

#3 Look, SPITBOY just add to the stereotype that the GIRL BAND is a stupid gimmick, which is ok but too many people take themselves too seriously and make up these stupid little sacred cows and I'm not buying it.

Pause here and find a dictionary. Look up the word, "generalization." To generalize is what you did when you wrote, "Go up to anyone with a SPITBOY T-shirt and it's like, 'Hey, I got it for free!' or 'I just liked the design,' or 'Their drummer's really hot!'" Not that it matters, but I have a SPITBOY shirt, which I bought because I love the band for reasons I would describe as amazing, empowering, unmatched talent and stage presence. Once again you make a startling generalization when you write, "Anybody who repeatedly wears a SPITBOY T-shirt is dishonest." If every single human being in the known universe wore a shirt because they received it for free, that still wouldn't qualify them as dishonest--it would classify them as people who support a cause. When you get dressed in the morning, the clothes you chose don't specify your love for the company that produced the item, it's for aesthetic reasons or support of the company. As the saying goes, "Generalizations are almost never correct."

#4 Yes Angie, I wrote that whole thing about Tshirts as a personal attack on you. If anyone can figure out what the fuck you're talking about maybe I'll recant. Generalizations are fucking funny, if you don't have generalizations and stereotypes set in your head you will never get the joke.



You can't say that people "don't wear this as a gesture to a band that's good," because you did not interview every person with a SPITBOY shirt. For one, at least, you did not interview me. This is what is referred to in the educated world as an assumption. You also write that people "wear it in sympathy for a 'girl' band that 'really tries hard.'" Once again, a generalizing assumption on your behalf.

#5 See #4

Mostly I would like to point out my revulsion at your attempts to bring the plight of women into your fanzine by saying that the band and the wearing of their T-shirts somehow is a "damn crime towards women." I won't even begin to list the un-countable many of bands that other people listen to which I find to be garbage. People wearing Tesco Vee shirts inch closer to crimes against women than a SPITBOY shirt could ever dream of.

#6 Tesco Vee seems like a pretty nice guy to me, he's just some guy with a wife and kid who works for the phone company. He also has a shitload of Punk Rock records, something you obviously know nothing about. Hey, Ian Mackaye plays bass on the TESCO VEE record, is he not cool in your stupid little PC world as well. Hey, I own a shirt, did you interview everybody with a TV shirt now?

#7 The fact that girl bands usually suck isn't affected by what I say it's enforced by crappy bands like SPITBOY. I've gotten at least 50 letters that agreed with me that SPITBOY suck crusty Minneapolis Punk ass.

When you delve into misogynistic remarks such as, "I'm convinced that girls are incapable of starting real bands," your opinion on crimes against women becomes null and void because you have just committed the largest crime against them ever with your opinion that they are somehow inferior to your statistically violent sex.

#8 I did not choose my sex or my sexual orientation and I don't think I should feel bad about things I have no control over. I don't see you hiding the fact that you belong to a much larger more threatening group of oppressors, "Stupid People", and I must say I hold less respect for you for this than the shape of your genitalia. I think if you actually knew me you wouldn't find me a threat to anything besides the fact that you're a phoney.

As a co-writer for HICKEY, the fanzine to whom you made your request for a trade, I am taking a personal incentive to send back your 'zine because I not only don't want it in my room, but I wouldn't consider it recyclable either. I have no doubts that the article I'm bothering to complain about means nothing to you, and that you probably wrote it for the sake of controversy. I don't expect you to understand my points, I don't expect you to see the light, I don't expect a retraction. I expect you to continue living your misogynistic, sexist life on the other side of this country, and I expect never to see or hear from you again.

*regretfully, Angela*

#9 I EXPECT A HUMBLE APOLOGY!

Love Bill Florio

(Just as a side note I sent a similar response to Angie and Jon packed in a huge box full of styrofoam and WHITE CASTLE hamburgers. Actually I probably only asked to trade with them in hopes of getting some moronic letter to fill up two pages of my zine, guess I win here.)

"I'm 10 weeks old. I'm a drug addict. My drug dealer is my mother. I live in her womb."



# Dear John.

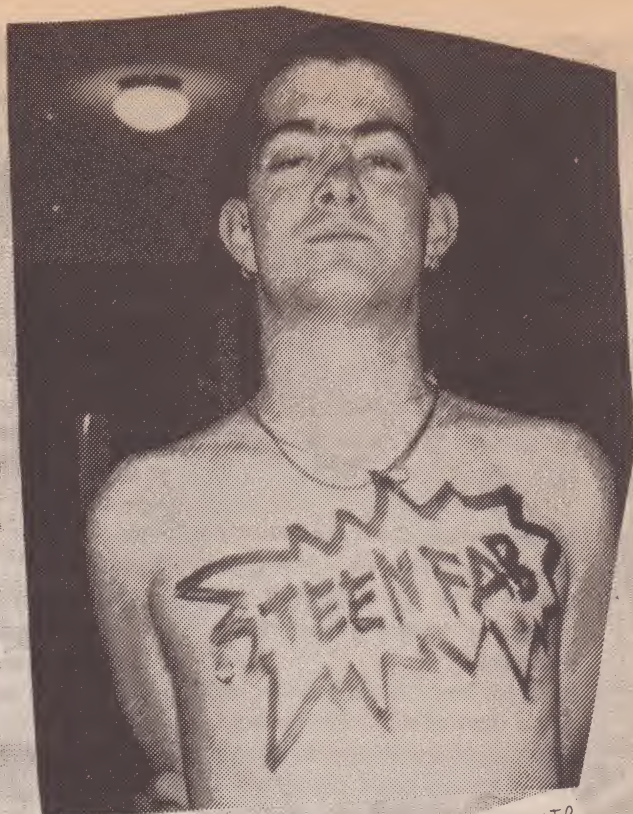
DEAR BILLY;

SORRY FOR NO ZINE, BUT WE ~~DO~~ DON'T WANT YOURS. CAN'T STAND THE HOMOPHOBIA (THE WORD FAG USED QUITE A BIT) AND SEXISM (EVERYONE WHO WEARS A SPITBOY SHIRT IS SUPPORTING SPITBOY JUST BECAUSE THEY FEEL SORRY FOR A BAND COMPRISED OF WOMEN, ~~AND~~ AND OF ~~COURSE~~ THEY SUCK BECAUSE "GIRLS ARE UNCAPABLE OF STARTING REAL BANDS?"). NOPE, DON'T AGREE WITH THAT AT ALL.

AND GEE, YOU SURE ARE COOL THAT YOU CAN SAY HOW MUCH ~~IF~~ YOU DON'T LIKE POPULAR BANDS. I LIKE YOUR SENSE OF COAST RIVALRY (REFERRING TO WEST COAST AS "INFERIOR COAST.") ~~YOU SURE~~ I'D THINK YOU WOULD ALSO BE COOL ENOUGH TO BE ABOVE THINGS SUCH AS THAT. I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO WASTE THE POSTAGE SENDING YOUR ZINE BACK, BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE POLITE THING TO DO.

LOVE, JOHN

P.S. NOT THAT YOU WANT TO HEAR MORE, OR THAT YOU PROBABLY HAVE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, BUT YOUR ZINE IS A WASTE OF PAPER. YOU JUST TALK ABOUT YOURSELF AND TRY TO BE OFFENSIVE. THAT'S PRETTY PATHETIC.



DEAR WANDA,

AM, YES, I MUST SAY I WOULD LIKE A "CUTE PUNK CHICK" LIKE YOU TO BITE MY NIPPLES. I'M GETTING TINGLY JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. WHAT AM I QUALIFIED AT? HM... WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE? I DON'T KNOW IF ~~AM~~ I CAN SAY THAT I'M QUALIFIED AT ANYTHING, BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE: I LIKE YOUR LIP PIERCINGS, I MUST SAY. AND YOUR HAIR IS NICE, AS WELL. I'M KIND OF DISAPPOINTED AT THE AMOUNT OF CLOTHING IN YOUR PICTURES. OH, I REMEMBER, I WAS TALKING ABOUT QUALIFICATIONS. I DO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT BITING, SUCKING, LICKING, THAT SORT OF THING. ~~IF~~ TIE-ING IS GOOD.

(BY THE WAY, LUST PARTNER, HARRY'S MY OTHER ZINE, I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.) IT IS A PITY THAT THE BRONX IS SO FAR AWAY. PLEASE WRITE SOON, SO I MAY DROOL SOME MORE.

SUBMISSIVELY YOURS,  
JOHN

LOVE,  
JOHN

This may seem a bit mean. Bart Simpson did it though, and that was on National Television. I guess I can go and see ERNEST GETS A KIDNEY and come out of the theater laughing now.

TAKE CARE,  
PLEASE  
WRITE  
SOON!

DEAR WANDA

HEY, THANKS FOR WRITING! I'M GLAD YOU LIKED HICKEY, HARRY'S MY OTHER ZINE, I HOPE YOU LIKE THAT ONE, TOO. IT'S NOT AS FUNNY AS HICKEY, BUT... OH WELL AND HERE IS A PICTURE OF ME, TEEN FAB WAS A BAND I WAS IN, OH, WHAT A DORKY PICTURE. BUT IT'S ME! PLEASE SEND A PICTURE OF YOURSELF (THE ONE WITH YOUR KITTY SANDS GOOD!), I AS WELL LIKE TO SEE WHO I'M WRITING TO. I HAVE MY PICTURE TITILATES YOU, HAH HAH.

OH, THAT'S FUNNY, GREEDY BASTARD IS ACTUALLY THE ONLY ZINE EVER TO BE REFUSED BY HICKEY FOR TRADE. WE THINK IT SUCKS. BUT I KNOW THAT MY SENSE OF HUMOR IS DIFFERENT THAN MOST PEOPLE'S.



A HANDFUL OF LUST  
FOR YOU!!

Love (Wanda) aka Me.



# Kier Hanratty

This interview with Kier was done over the phone. If ya ask me why, I just like the guy's style what can I say?

GB: Hey, what about that experience you had with the "Golden Venture"? (About a year ago a shipload of half naked boat people crashed into Brooklyn)

Kier: It's kinda funny because that day, I slept all day, I got up to go out. I went hitchhiking to get a ride out of Breezy Point. Someone picked me up, they looked at me . . . "What was that about?" [he said] "Oh, I just wanna see if you're a gook or not." And I said, "What are ya talking about?" And he explained the whole thing to me. Ya know it's pretty odd because as I was walking through the house I noticed all the laundry was done and all the math homework was finished.

GB: Did you actually see any of the Filipinos running around in their underwear?

Kier: Nah, I didn't see anything. I didn't even believe it, til I saw the news.

GB: The main thing I want to talk about was your experiences in the navy. Why did you join in the first place?

Kier: Cuz I was a loser and I wasn't going anywhere. I had nothing to do I was waking up at three every day. One day my mother, who had left the house to go to work, like the rest of the family, had left the yellow pages open to the armed forces recruiting center. So, I go down and the next thing I know, I'm there. I'm in Fort Hamilton getting sworn in.

GB: So did everything go OK for a while?

Kier: Where, in the navy?

GB: Yeah.

Kier: No, it was a big mess from day one. It was a nightmare. I was just

completely unsuited for that sort of lifestyle. But, what could I do, I'm in, I'm in, I figured I'd make the best of it. I thought I made the best of it. But, they apparently didn't think that I made a good enough effort. Because they promptly kicked me out. Which, I was just thinking about while I'm watching the news

the other day. The whole thing in Bosnia, where they're shooting those Americans. We're all going to war, but you know what? You're all going to war, I'm not gonna be there, because it says so right in my discharge papers, I am never allowed in the armed forces of The United States. So while the rest of you are dying on the beaches of wherever the Yugoslavian port there is, I'm gonna be sitting at home and watching it on TV. Getting fat, humping your women.

GB: I think Yugoslavian women could be attractive, actually.

Kier: Yugoslavian women? No, no. I don't know what planet you're on...but here on Earth, Yugoslavian women are ugly.

GB: So, when you got out of boot camp, where did they send you?

Kier: Right after Boot Camp I stayed in Chicago for about a year. You know, to defend against the marauding Canadians.

After that, they sent me to New Jersey.

GB: I think we all need more protection from NJ, than anywhere else.

Kier: I was really pissed, though. Join the navy to see the world, the whole thing, ya know.

GB: So, that's why...

Kier: Well that, and I did a little research and found that the navy had the shortest and easiest boot camp. Aside from the Coast Guard, but they don't count. Yeah, so they put me in New Jersey and I'm there

could've done this myself. I didn't need you guys for this. But, some good things came out of that. I got to take the bus up from NJ to Port Authority. Which is where, for the first time, I really got exposed to Times Square. The most wonderful women, they'll do anything for ya. They're really great.

GB: Let's talk about that later, I want to hear more navy stories.

Kier: Oh.

(disappointed)

GB: So after NJ did you get to see part of the world at least?

Kier: Well yeah, then we go to the Mediterranean, right, and we go to Spain and we go to Greece, and

Sicily, Morocco. I'm having a great time, I'm getting drunk fuckin all the women. "Yeah, yea, yeah, it's Kier" Then! This friggin jerk invades Kuwait and I'm thinking, "I don't know any Kuwaitis, it's got nothing to do with me." A couple of weeks after that, we go to war. Hold on, hold the phone, what the hell is this? So we end up going there, which was a big pain in the ass, because I was having such a good time and now they ruin it. In the meantime I get thrown out. Which was initially good, they tell me "Ay, you're getting thrown out ..." Good, good, I get thrown out, you guys go to war.

GB: So how did you get thrown out exactly?

Kier: See, this happened when we were in New Jersey. It wasn't a court martid, like that type of thing. Until we were already in the Med. See, what happened was, I was on watch, right. And I was making sure nothing bad went on. And these two guys that I knew came on the ship with a bottle of rum. They say, "Hey man, we're gonna get drunk, ya wanna

thinking, I

## Riot Wino



come wit us?" I say, "Well, No. Actually, No." Ya know I had a gun on me. I would've ended up getting really angry. They would've said something and I would've taken offense to it, ya know...

GB: So you were being smart about the whole thing.

Kier: Right. Yeah. I was keeping my cool. All I said to them was, "Here's what you guys gotta do, you gotta go down below deck, get drunk, do whatever the hell you want. I don't care. If anybody finds you, it's your ass. Don't tell anybody I saw ya." "Nah man, don't worry about it, we're cool." I'm like, "We'll see. Just remember, I got a gun." So they go down right, and after a couple of hours I get off of watch. I'm watching TV and all of a sudden the ship explodes... You know... What's that word?

GB: Ya mean everyone comes running? With the alarms and shit?

Kier: Exactly. Yeah, they're all like, "Did you see what happened?", [I'm like]

"No, what happened?" As it turns out, I go downstairs and find out what happened. They got razor blades, started hacking up their arms. Then taking the blood, writing OZZY RULES on the side of the ship. And drawing pentagrams, and writing SLAYER.

GB: Wait, were these navy guys or just some ...

Kier: These were the guys, in charge of the Nuclear Weapons Safety. So, I find out I'm like OH MY GOD! What a mess this is. So I ended up going up to see 'em telling them, "Listen, this is you guys, this isn't me." they're like "Yeah, Ok... we're cool, we're cool..." No, you're not cool. As a matter of fact you're a couple of friggin jerks! So as it turns out, they give me up, like right away. And then I go through the whole Captain spaz. "Why didn't you tell the guys they couldn't come on board..." I tell the guy, "Listen, I didn't think it was any of my business..." And the captain just exploded... "Listen here Hanratty, I don't want you in my navy." I said, "Wow! This works out great for the both of us." So, they kick me out.

This is right before we hit the Suez Canal. I'm like, "Yeah, hooray, I'm going home!", They're like, "No, you're not going home until the end of the war."

GB: What, did they figure they could send you out to check for land mines or something?

Kier: Exactly. Worst comes to worst they could have sent me over as a hostage. So then we go through the Suez Canal, which is really... small. It's just like this little ditch. Only one ship can go through it at a time. So we had to get on line. And, just as we're about to go through, these two little dinghies full of Egyptians come up and they keep yelling, "You have to let us aboard, we are the official Suez Canal pilots and you can't get through without us." So my captain's like, yeah, Ok, let 'em on. So they let these jerks on, ya know what they do. They unfold this.... they start selling T-shirts and postcards. We're like why don't you guys go up to the bridge. They're like, "What are you talking about? We sell T-shirts."

GB: So of course all the sailors started buying them...

Kier: Oh I bought one. I bought a couple, I bought some postcards, and a couple of those long like, linen robes that those Arabs wear. They're kinda nice. So we get to the Red Sea where we almost shoot down a French plane.

GB: Cool.

Kier: Yeah. We're picking up this plane on the radar and it should have occurred to us that the plane was going toward Iraq, not away... So we all go to battle stations and luckily, we had such crappy guns, that we had to wait until we could actually see the plane, ya know. Before we could fire at it. And someone said, "hey, isn't that a French plane." "Oh yeahhhh..." And I just pictured this stupid Frenchman. We were trying to contact it by radio... "Identify yourself", "Oh, de stoopid Americans... can't you recognize a french prane when you see wahn!" I was supriised because I figured you could smell a french plane from a mile away.

Photo: Justine DeMetric





**Kier: Well it was a Sunday and I usually didn't work Sundays, I was just doing it as a favor to Trigger and I didn't punch in. I came in late, I didn't punch in. And he comes in and starts being a jerk. "Ya know something, I've had enough of you and your friggin bullshit." So I walked out the door and punch out one of his windows. He starts**



screaming and yelling. I say," Listen  
you fucking rotted horseface bastard  
you should be happy I didn't punch  
you right in the face."  
GB: I guess you ended up punching  
out anyway.



# Kerosene 454

**KEROSENE  
454/SITUAT  
ION AT HAND**

debut full length  
"situation at hand" out now.

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Robyn Excitable P.O. Box 19855 Cincinnati, OH 45219



Let's Be  
Valentines!

XOXOXOXOX



Be  
Mine!

hopelessly tangled up  
in red tape!

I'm all tied up at  
the moment:

office supply lust  
won't somebody please  
help me?!?



JAINA  
your editrix

Hug Me

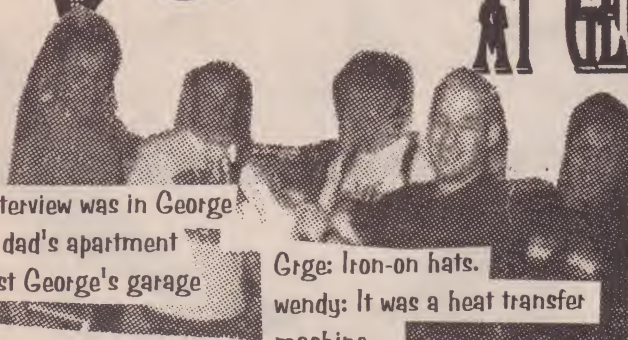


FLATTER, C/O JAINA A. DAVIS, PO BOX 40791, SF, CA, 94140-0791



# BUGOUT SOCIETY

## AT GEORGE TABB'S TAG SALE



This interview was in George Tabb's dad's apartment amongst George's garage sale.

Grge: Look at this Jewish Boxer's Hall of Fame. It's got great pictures too.

Char: Which Jewish boxers?

Grge: I don't know they wrap up the boxes in supermarkets, I dunno.

Camp: How much is this book?

Grge: Here, you just bought it, it's yours.

Camp: Some salesman you are... I'll give you a couple of bucks for it.

Grge: Ok, it's a dollar. It was signed by Charles M. Young, he gave it to me as a wedding present. Hey I'm gonna give you guys a present, from me to BUGOUT SOCIETY.

How to Write a Hit Song...and Sell it.

Hey I'm, selling these iron on things.

Bill: Wait, you used to make iron ons?

Grge: Iron-on hats.

wendy: It was a heat transfer machine.

Bill: so, you used to make bootleg SLAYER hats?

Grge: Yeah, this was a big seller at CBGB, it says New York City Hardcore. We got chased around at an ANTHRAX show for selling these. When I started doing this nobody made hats yet. I was the first one to make hats.

Bill: You should of made pennants.

Grge: You guys don't want any MOTORHEAD iron-ons, you can iron them on your favorite underwear...

Camp: Ok, you've inspired me, I'm gonna iron them on my underwear.

Grge: Take a bunch...

Camp: I only have one pair of underwear. [laugh]

Grge: Hey look at these patches, LOTTO LOSER... Misfits, those sold real

good...

Bill: What's this RC can?

Grge: You twist the top off to keep money in it.

Bill: Oh. [I turn the can and a snake pops out] [laugh] Ok, you got me back for the other night. [I offered George a

♣ Lifesavers Hot Ring and he spent the rest of the night spitting and using breath spray]

George: hey, a dollar for that.

Bill: Ok, I'll buy this.

[Some old woman enters]

OL: Hi is this the sale? Do you have a blender?

Wendy: We have a little Cuisinart...It'll chop and blend...You can make sauces.

OL: OK, I'll take that.

[George puts on a fake nose and glasses and starts talking with a Yiddish accent.]

[Conversation goes on to how Camp looks a little like him]

Grge: Wendy, you're selling my address book with people's names in it?

Wendy: It has names in it?

Grge: Yeah!

[Laugh]

Grge: Jello Biafra, Hilly

Krystal, Dick Manitoba.

Char: Hey maybe Handsome

Dick can set us up a show in the Bronx. [Charlie picks up a

button]

Grge: "Flip", I used to go there.

Bill: huh?

Char: You wouldn't remember this it was before your time. Before Your Time!

Grge: You remember Flip you remember the place!? They sold jackets, I bought so many leather jackets there...

Char: yeah, but this is one of the standard buttons for that



The Camp needs some Toilet Duck to wash down all that Hemorrhoidal Cream he's been eating.



time...everybody wore.

Grge: I DIDN'T WEAR IT! I DIDN'T WEAR IT...]

Char: What do you mean I got proof right here! [laugh]

Camp: The only one missing is the checkered Canal Jeans one.

Char: Where's the Canal Jeans, I know I'm gonna find it in here!

Grge: I have Unique Boutique and Canal Jeans Buttons laying around here, I kept 'em... My mom got them for me... She'd give them to me and go, "here"... I never wore a goddamned "Flip" button.

Char: "It was just a Christmas present."

Grge: Never wore a "Flip" button.

Char: What about this PIL button? Did you wear these to the Peppermint Lounge?

Grge: Shutup (smirking)

Hey, I had a CRAMPS button too alright!

Bill: Did you have a CRASS arm band?

Grge: Yeah, right.

Char: Hey I found a dredel!

Grge: Hey your drummers looking through the drug paraphernalia. [Chris puts the Whip It's down.]

Bill: George, why do you save everything you get out of a gumball machine?

Grge: [to Charlie]: Can I see your beeper?

Bill: He's got SuperBeeper. It has a trivia quiz on it.

Grge: Can the computer type messages to you?

Char: Yeah, but sometimes you don't get the messages.

Because if you beep somebody and they don't call you back you beep them

again but if you send them a message you assume, "Oh, they're gonna do that." And they never do.

Grge: So, what's the deal with THE FAT BOYS are you related to them?

Char: No, we ate dinner with them. We went to this All You Can Eat Ribs thing at

Beefsteak Charlie's.

Grge: This is true...?

Bill: But, tell him about the ribs.

Char: Human Beat Box, Cool Rock C,.. We saw them up by Times Square.

Grge: So you saw them coming out of Show World...

Char: No, they were playing 3 Card monte. They kept losing. But everybody was watching them.

George: People still remembered who the FAT BOYS were?

Char: No, this was like 10 years ago!

Bill: Explain the ribs.

Char: Yeah, we were there so long and we ate so many ribs that we realized the quality was going down. They were all gristley by the time the restaurant was about to close.

Grge: Gross. This is true?

Bill: No we're lying.

Grge: I'm not impressed by FAT BOYS... Maybe if it were HELMET or something.

Bill: We wouldn't eat with no Rob Smegma.

Grge: I heard a rumor that one of you guys slept with...

Char: There was a rumor that I went to topless bars in California.

Bill: No, Massage parlors!

Camp: Is the line about my underwear gonna turn up in this interview?

Char: I heard they were gonna start Dradel tables in Atlantic City.

Grge: They won't have that...

Char: What! Taj Mahal!

Bill: Are they gonna take the Mitzvah Tank down there?

Grge: Those guys are great...

Char: You went in the Mitzvah Tank!?

Grge: Yeah, they gave us free wine! It was parked outside the Mars Bar and they had a replica of that rabbi's house.

Char: Who? Schmirschen? He's cool.

Grge: There was a Schmirschen house being towed by the Mitzvah Tank.

Char: His whole house?

Grge: It was a miniature copy of his house.

Char: Really, what scale?

Grge: I think it was like 1/16th of the actual size.

Bill: 027 Scale.

Char: Camp wrote a computer game about the Mitzvah Tank. The only reason it's not on the market is because Bill Gates wants to squash it.

Grge: Is Bill gates a Jew?

Char: No! He only supports Christian software made by Microsoft.

Grge: Are you Jewish Camp?

Camp: It depends on what you mean.

Chris: Your brother said you are.

Camp: MY BOTHER TELLS EVERYONE HE'S PUERTO RICAN!!![laugh]

Bill: He has a southern

accent.

Char: And a heart transplant!

Camp: My family is of Jewish decent.

Grge: So, you are a Jew.

Bill: You can't be a real guido if you're Jewish.

Char: He's a Jew-jine! Get with it.

Camp: We went to a Christian chapel in a semi

truck.

[talk goes on to how CJ Ramone is a doo doo head]

Grge: Chris so what is it like to be in BUGOUT SOCIETY since you seem to be the only straight one in the whole band.

Char: He used to be the funniest member of



The Camp cleverly disguised as a Simpson.



KISS

George thinks he can pass  
crappy bootleg KISS comics  
on us

BUGOUT SOCIETY until  
this strange accident about  
10 years ago.

Chris: It feel good to be in  
BUGOUT SOCIETY and  
I'm, proud to be in BUGOUT  
SOCIETY.

Grge: Do any of you guys  
have a girlfriend?

Bill: Chris does.

Grge: Of course he does. So  
Bill, who are all these girls  
I've been seeing you with on  
the street?

Bill: Uh, I dunno...

Grge: Yes you do know.  
Who's the blonde one?

Bill: Which blonde one?

Char: Did you know that's  
Andy Richter from Conan O  
Brien's sister?

Grge: Really?

Bill: Yeah. I intend to get a  
pilot of my own soon.

Grge: Really, is that really  
Andy Richters sister?

Bill: Yeah.

Grge: Are you schtupping  
her?

Bill: Yeah.

Grge: What about that other  
girl, the one with the patches  
on her jacket and the brown  
hair, who was that...

Bill: I dunno...

Camp: This is better than  
that!

Char: At Pocohontus last  
week in Central Park, I had to

sit next to Andy Richter,  
and...

Grge: You went to that?

Char: Yeah, I paid like \$200  
for tickets and that was bad  
enough but Andy Richter  
took his shoes off and his feet  
really smelled bad.

Grge: Is he related to THE  
FAT BOYS, this Andy  
Richter character? If you  
were talking about Paul  
Schafer I'd think twice about  
it...

Charlie: I have one word for  
Paul Schafer ... Rogaine.

Grge: So... What's the blonde  
girls name Bill?

Bill: Hey! I can't...

Chris: Bill's been criticized by  
feminists for number of years  
and now it's carried over to  
me and my sculpture.

Bill: Hey George, if you  
allegedly slept with every  
female writer of

MaximumRockNRoll in  
1989, does that include  
Jane Guskin?

Grge: .... Uh, no comment.

What's wrong with Jane  
Guskin?!

Char: Hey, I heard Chelsey  
Clinton went to Serendipity...

Grge: What's Serendipity?

Char: Is it true that you've  
never been above 14th St?

Grge: I was at Show World  
once. Actually I went up there  
2 weeks ago to play Mortal  
Combat III with Evan.

Char: So you'll go to  
Playland.

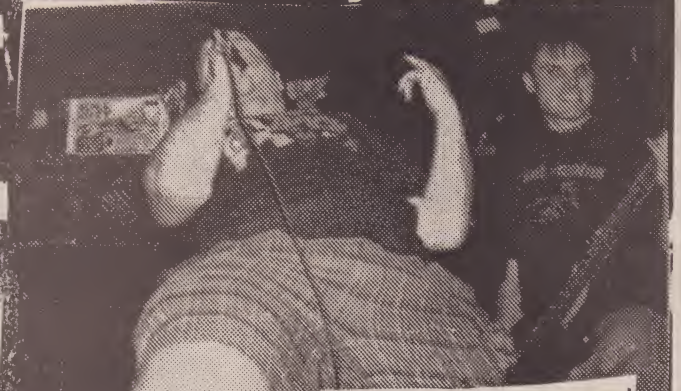
Grge: Either Playland or  
Show World. Any place you  
can get entertainment for a  
quarter will make me travel,  
that's it.

Char: Do you take the train  
up there or do you walk?

Grge: I'll take a train up  
there.

Wendy: [In background]  
Don't lie George you'd take a  
cab.

## Tommy Boyce



[laugh]  
Char: Once we were at  
Playland and Camp put a  
quarter in a CHILLER

machine at 7 o'clock and we  
didn't leave until 3 'o Clock.  
It had people chained up in a  
torture chamber and you'd  
shoot off body parts.

Grge: So how come the  
drummer's the only member  
of the band with a girlfriend?

Bill: Charlie's married.

Grge: Really!!  
Bill: He married Victoria  
Principle. He works with a lot  
of electricity so he can't wear  
a ring.

Char: I might get  
electrocuted. [laugh]

been having revolves around  
cupcakes.

Charlie: We had this big  
Problem where we almost  
broke up because of this  
cupcake incident. See we went  
up to Massatwoshits or

somewhere like that... We got  
this thing of cupcakes, there's  
6 cupcakes in a box. So we  
brought them back to our  
"suite" and put them in the  
refrigerator.

Camp: So, I went out to the  
car to get my amplifier..

Char: And we watched that  
movie, what was it?

Bill: The one you bought off  
a bum for a dollar. Death  
Weekend.

Camp: So I went to my car to  
bring the equipment back in



and all the cupcakes were gone.

Charlie: No, no, no that wasn't it.

Bill: Yeah.

Chris: Yeah, that was it.

Gamp: So I yelled at these guys.

Chris: No, You yelled at me. [laugh]

Bill: You see, Chris likes to eat...

Gamp: So, I yelled at Chris and Chris was obviously hurt that I was yelling at him because he only ate one of the cupcakes. And then when I saw Bill I said, "Bill how

Char: Gamp flipped!

Grge: Obviously you're giving the message to Gamp that he's not important enough to save one cupcake for...

Char: But they were Freihoffers!

Grge: You have a point there.

Char: That was the biggest crisis we ever had.

Bill: Wait, the other guitar player, Al... He quit because he had to paint his house.

Grge: Wait, what was this like 10 years ago? I never saw you with another guitar player...

Bill: No, like five.

Grge: I never really paid attention to you until like five years ago when that guy from

[Chris has to leave]

Wendy: Did someone buy the ice crusher?

Char: Did your father invent TAB?

Gamp: No, he didn't invent TAB. I like TAB and I like Fresca too.

[We start talking about vibrating beds]

Char: Hey, ask us some real questions.

Grge: [trying to act like he knows what he's talking about] Stylistically, I've seen you guys go through your early punk and new wave stages and now you guys seem to fall into that GREEN DAY/RANCID power pop stage...

Bill: I don't know what you're talking about, we haven't written a song in 4 years.

Grge: Oh well.

Bill: We didn't practice in 1992! We played like 30 shows though.

Grge: How did you get the name BUGOUT SOCIETY?

Charlie: When I was in high school there was this guy Craig Nelson, he wanted to start a club where people hung out and just had a good time and he wanted to call it the RAMBLERS. And I said that's a stupid name, call it BUGOUT SOCIETY! He said, OK and then his club got defunct and I stole it for my band.

many cupcakes did you have?" he said, "One."

"Charlie! You ate four cupcakes all by yourself in the time it took me to go to the car and get my amplifier!"

Bill: But then we drove down to Virginia and we had

cupcakes and Charlie asked everybody how many cupcakes they had and Chris and I said "one" and Gamp said "two". So I was like, that's not bad Charlie, you only ate two. And Charlie said, no, we had two boxes!

Grge: So this is what's gonna cause the band's breakup!

Bleeker Bobs told me about you.

Char: Well, we never paid much attention to you until Dean Lilker told us about you.

Grge: yeah, well he told me about him [Gamp]. "I started talking to this guy on the street and he told me he wasn't you, it was this other guy, do you know this guy Gamp from Queens?"

Chris: How much is the heater?

Grge: Ten dollars.

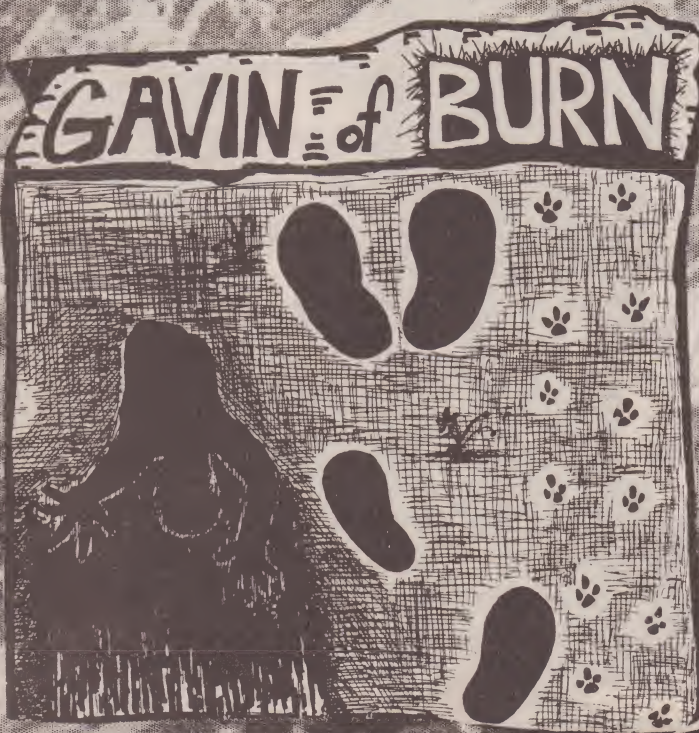
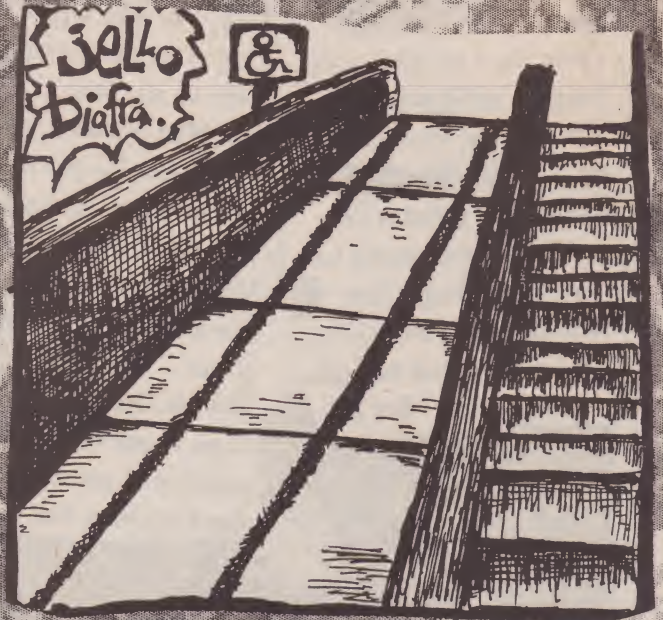
Chris: How come you're selling it?

Grge: We moved and we have built in heat now.



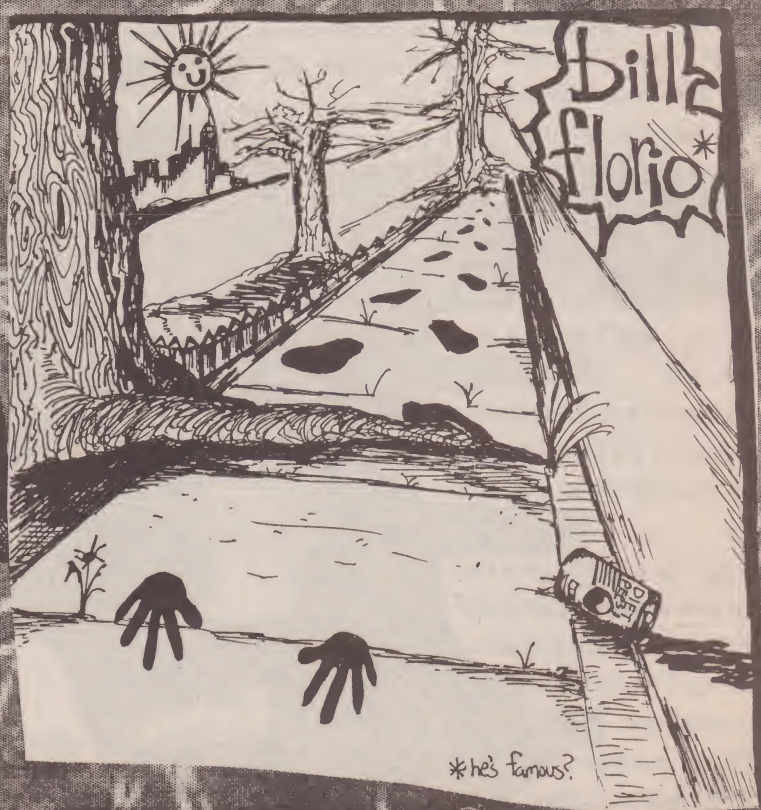


# FAMOUS PUN





# KFOOTPRINTS



DRAWINGS BY GREGJAW®  
WRITTEN BY BILL & GREGJAW®



Bill: tell him where you got the name Charlie Boswell.

Char: When I was like 13 years old there was this drug dealer in my neighborhood and he always said, "YO!, Charlie Boswell!"

Camp: So you're not named after the famous biographer that...

Bill: I thought you were named after the guy who makes up the football sheets.

Char: That's me! When I was a bookie in high school I used to put Boswell's Deluxe Football Sheets.

Bill: Wait, who went to school with Brendan (SFA)?

Charlie: Al. In kindergarten Brendan used to eat paste.

Grge: Which one of you guys used to look up girls dresses when you were in kindergarten?

Camp: I looked up a girls dress about two weeks ago.

Grge: Was she wearing underwear?

rings, is he a mason?

Char: We went to the masons museum.

Grge: Is he really a mason?

Bill: We can't talk about that.

We went to this mason's museum and it was bull

because you pay three dollars to talk to this lady who's like, "Um, my husband was a mason and he'd never tell me anything."

Char: "I used to ask him all the time, and he wouldn't say anything."

Grge: What does he cut gravestones and that kind of stuff? Do they use lasers?

Bill: No, no, no. Chris was an apprentice in the stone yard at the Cathedral. St John the Divine. And a couple of years ago they were like, screw this old world shit we're gonna use power tools.

And Chris quit.

Char: He uses a chisel and a mallet.

Camp: He's a caveman.

Grge: He's a drummer, whataya want? So is he talented?

Bill: Yeah he won a prize at that art show your father was at, except someone said his statute was sexist.

Grge: Why?

Camp: It had a boy reading a book and a girl combing her hair.

Grge: Does he believe in mic-ing drums or is that too much technology for him?

Bill: I dunno.

Grge: So how do you like editing wedding videos?

Bill: It's hard to say, I've been doing it since I was 14.

Grge: How old are you now?

Bill: 23

Grge: That's a long time. So when you get married are you gonna video tape it?

Bill: I'm gonna elope.

Grge: Did anyone ever ask you to tape other things

besides weddings?

Bill: Japanese funeral.

Japanese people are really into taping funerals.

Grge: They're into videotaping anything [ Grge acts like a Japanese tourist]

Camp: That's nice, leave the racial stuff in Bill.

Char: Yeah, Chinese people can't drive.

Grge: I've got two Japanese people in my band.

[George starts talking about GG Allin and porno movies he wanted to make with him]

Bill: That's kind of like the girl who shoots fire out of her vagina...

Grge: Live it's pretty impressive!

Bill: I might not mind seeing it on a video but I really don't need to feel the heat and smell the fumes.

Char: Yo, we played this show where a guy lit his penis on fire.

Grge: Where?

Camp: I didn't get that good of a look.

[talk turns to how southstreet seaport is the place to be and how yuppies throw money at us]

Grge: So what are your real careers besides musicians?

Bill: I edit wedding videos.

Camp: I'm currently unemployed.

Char: I'm a bum.

Bill: Chris cuts stone.

Grge: A stonecutter?! Does he wear one of those little







Camp and Char: Chinese Restaurant.

Grge: He lit it on fire for real, he took it out and lit it on fire?

Char: I swear to God. It was the craziest thing I've ever seen. This band came on, and it was nuts. Their roadie came out on stage and took out a lighter. Not like one of these tricks where they do it for a second he just held it there

"Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

Grge: What was the guys name?

Char: The name of the band was BIC. He thinks I'm lying!!!

Bill: He believes FAT BOYS and Andy Richter but doesn't believe the true story.

Camp: It was at the 308 bar. We were hanging out with Brendan Rafferty before they started playing and this guy started talking to us and spouting a lot of racist stuff and Brendan got really offended and left.

Char: He was like, "I gotta leave before I kill him." And then the next time I saw him I'm like, "that guy you remember who he was?" He's like, "Yeah, I was gonna kill him!" I'm like, "He lit his penis on fire." Brendan's like, "I'm gonna kill that guy for what he said." I'm like, "Brendan! The guy lit his penis on fire, what do you care what he said!" [laugh]

Grge: So who do you think would win in a fist fight...

Char: Hong Kong Fuey.

Grge: Did you guys go to high school together?

Char: With who? With him? I went to high school with Camp and Chris and Al and Adam we went to Styversant.

Grge: So you've been together since high school. Charlie: We had a band.

Grge: What was the band called?

Char: BUGOUT SOCIETY. We had a name but we didn't have a band, see Camp didn't have a bass and didn't know how to play...

Camp: I knew how to play a little...

Char: You say you knew how to play. And Chris had drum sticks.

Grge: What's your favorite show.

Bill: Talk Soup.

Camp: University Hospital.

Grge: You've got to be kidding.

Char: Fudge.

Grge: What's Fudge? When is it on?

Char: Saturday.

Bill: You mean Hot Fudge?

Char: No!!!

Grge: Isn't that a show on the gay channel?

Bill: That's the reason they cancelled Hot Fudge, it was derogatory to gays.

Grge: Who watches Spiderman in the morning?

Char: I watch Fudge.

Wendy: Could you help me carry these books into the back.

Bill: Sure.

Grge: Now that Bill's left the room we can talk about him. How did he get into the band?


Char: He came into the rehearsal studio and said, "Can I play bass?" Al quit the band and we were gonna try this scam where Camp would play bass and guitar at the same time using some new computer technology. But Bill showed up at the rehearsal studio coincidentally and asked to play bass.



Photo: Akira

BUGOUT BBQ, 1992





still got into college.

Bill: You went to college in Florida though.

Camp: So you were in the top 10% of your college.

Grge: I was rated in the top one percent of my...

Bill: Are those little buses crowded in the morning?

Char: I was in the lower 10% of my high school class.

Bill: Yeah, but you went to Styversant!

Char: When my mom went to the parents conference she used to take it seriously, she'd take notes and she had this notepad and every single page said "Doesn't pay attention, reads newspaper in class."

Bill: I rehearsed 2 days later and played a show three days later.

Grge: Wow, you learned all the songs in one night.

Bill: Yeah.

Char: I told him to listen to the record.

Grge: you can learn songs from those records you guys put out? Wow that's impressive. What's the biggest band you ever played with?

Bill: 38 Special.

Grge: No you didn't.

Char: they played upstairs while we played downstairs.

Grge: Really, where?

Bill: In Vermont. I was walking up the stairs with the drums and there was this great big line of people and the ushers like, "Where do you think you're going?" And I showed him the paper with the address on it and he was confused and then he's like, OH! You mean downstairs!

Grge: So how many people at your show.

Char: No One

Bill: Like 10 but they gave out pixie stix

Camp: There was a high school teacher hitting on little girls.

Bill: There was this kid with METALICA tattooed down his whole arm. Metal ICA.

Grge: Some guy, some skinhead in New York Tattooed "Made In America" on his own head, he did it himself in the mirror.

Char: Did he do it backwards?

Grge: Yeah, and no one would tell him because he would kick their ass.

[Talk goes to math]

Camp: I got an 800 on the math section of the GRE.

Charlie: I got a 99 on the trigonometry regents.

Bill: Tell them your SAT scores.

Char: I got 720 on the math. 1280 Total.

Camp: 1290

Bill: 1110

Grge: Mine was 820 and I

Chris at work.



Grge: Did any of you guys graduate?

Char: I've got a masters in Electrical Engineering.

Grge: You have a degree?

Char: I have a Bachelors of Science and a Masters of Science.

Grge: What does that mean you can plug toaster into the wall?

Char: It means I don't have to wear a wedding ring.

Bill: Tell him about the World Trade Center. Charlie went up there the day that it blew up.

Gamp: The day the TV died.

Char: When they were saying that the last people were being evacuated, that's when I went in.

George's Dad: What were you the canary?

Char: I went there to make sure the microwave system was operating.

Grge: The ovens?

Gamp: Yeah the microwave popcorn.

Grge: I always wanted to make microwave headphones and sell them to a punk show and fry people's brains.

Would that work?

Char: They'd have to be very powerful.

Grge: Would they cook from the inside out?

Char: Evenly. Cook evenly.

Grge: Would they feel it?

Char: If you did it slowly they might not feel it.

Bill: Plus it would keep all the juices in, more tender.

Grge: If you stuck your head in a microwave would it explode?

Char: It would cook.

Gamp: How would you stick your head in there if the door can't close?

Char: You could cut a hole in the screen.

Grge: So if you put a hole in the screen would it cook all the people in the room?

Char: The further away you are the less effect it has.

Bill: I think it should be said that this text is for informational purposes only.

Do not try this at home.

Char: If you put your eye there, your eye would cook like an egg.

Grge: So one cool trick is if I got a cheap microwave and took out the screen and then broil your friends head on stage. At a punk show plug it in and putt all these free

records and Cds inside so when they reach in it fries their hands. This is what I think about all the time.

Char: Or at that place on 42nd...

Grge: Show World,

Cher: you put a quarter in and it says "Look in Here!" and

Grge: And their eyeballs pop out right! That's great. They wouldn't feel it though right?

Charlie: Maybe if you could do it slowly.

Gamp: Al, our first guitar player, he didn't want to buy an amplifier so his friend talked him into paying him like \$500 to build an amplifier that also worked as his stereo.

Char: One time we were playing up in Albany and it blew up and the transforme unraveled.

Grge: You guys need more publicity. Did you hear about that guy who killed people on the upper west side was wearing a RAMONES T-shirt and I saw this kid talking about how he killed his parents wearing a SHEER TERROR shirt.

Bill: And that kid a few years ago wore a SICK OF IT ALL shirt see we just have to make more shirts to get some exposure.

Gamp: I heard a kid wearing a BUGOUT SOCIETY shirt one failed his geometry test.

BUGOUT SOCIETY CAN BE REACHED AT THE ADDRESS OF THIS ZINE. NO KIDDING.



The gamp disguised as Al Sharpton. He led a group to block the Mahattan Bridge the next day, undetected.



SEVEN DIFFERENT CDS.  
FROM HEARTFIRST  
RECORDS AND WHY I  
IGNORE ALL THAT IS  
EUROPEAN.

Ok, let me  
step back for a  
second and just be  
outright mean. I  
don't ask for this.  
I don't write to the  
distros over there,  
I don't go to see  
their bands if they  
ever tour here  
(which is hardly  
ever) and, I'll tell  
ya, It's a rare  
thing that I ever  
answer any European  
on mail. Now,  
you're saying, OK  
Bill's a racist,  
fascist, Xenophobic  
fuck and I am  
reporting him to the  
(Broke the big R  
taboo) PC Committee  
to get me thrown out  
of White Guilt  
America. My answer  
is NO. I don't care  
what you wanna call  
me, I still go by my  
experience that  
Europeans DO NOT  
HAVE A CLUE. I  
think the best  
example of the whole  
euro-lamo-problemo  
is this one time at

head with a title  
"MIKE TYSON, WORLD  
BOXING CHAMPION"

OK, did I say  
enough. They just  
don't understand  
stupid american  
entertainment and  
they desperately  
want it for  
themselves, so,  
instead of creating  
something new they  
just do dumb  
pointless shit to  
irritate me. Every  
one of these cd's  
looks exactly like  
some band from the  
US, the CD packaging  
resembles some large  
Punk type act as  
well as the music,  
the way the band  
dresses and the lame  
attempt at writing  
lyrics in a second  
language. Look,  
I've had enough,  
when I get a letter  
from some person  
over there that  
makes any sense or  
has any value maybe  
I'll change my mind  
but otherwise, I  
don't think I could  
even sell these.

HERBIVORE - 7" -  
hog records po box  
1371 troy ny 12181-  
1371

Hey a whole 7"  
of growling and  
thunder type  
noises. How quaint,  
I almost heard a  
musical instrument  
at the end...

THE HOT CORN GIRLS - Look at my Bum -  
stingy banana 335 E 10th st #3E NY NY  
10009

Hey, this has some of the same  
songs as the single with different  
titles! That's OK. I like this band  
more and more every time I see them.  
By the time they break up I'll be  
ready to interview them. They're  
really quirky without being jazzy and  
irritating. Bob sings lead guitar, I  
think. He's married to Ms Diarrea, I  
think. The CHIMPANZEES sorta, I think. This  
CD rocks, sorta, I think.

HE'S DEAD JIM - 7  
inches of Jim -Tape  
- po box 251 norco  
ca 91760-0251

The singer kinda  
looks like one of  
the girls on  
American Gladiators  
in the little tiny  
picture on the  
insert complete with  
leopard underwear.  
It's pretty straight  
forward punky type  
stuff with that  
singing that kinda

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS  
- Give Til It Hurts  
tape

Female vocaled  
total 80's rock  
inspired stuff ala  
Scandal, Benatar...  
I really like it,  
it's really melodic  
and schlocky enough  
to annoy people.

sounds a little more  
like talking than  
singing. The best  
song is called Donut  
Shop Hop but it's  
a total rip of the  
KINKS

RECONSTRUCTION  
RECORDS. We had

lotsa Fatherland  
goofballs coming in  
and outta there and  
this one was the  
best. This "German"  
guy comes in about,  
oh, 6' 5" and he's  
got a Mike Tyson  
hat. Nothing wrong  
with that, right.  
Germans have the  
right to like Iron  
Mike just like any  
bigshot in AC. Ok  
for no reason at  
all, the guy whips  
off his name brand  
sweatshirt to reveal  
(gasp) a larger than  
life tattoo of the  
champs (chammffs)



KEROSENE 454 -  
Situation at Hand CD  
- art monk

you know,  
FUGAZI, SONIC YOUTH  
, college rock.  
It's kinda funny but  
when using the term  
poser got out of  
style I always bit  
my lip and said NYU  
STUDENT. I have  
some friends who  
actually go to NYU  
now but the whole  
idea still sticks, I  
guess. I didn't  
really mean to bring  
that up in this  
review, because I  
usually associate  
those kinds of  
thoughts with some  
kid who wears a Dead  
Milkmen hat. Anyway,  
I don't think you'll  
see anyone braking  
bottles over each  
others heads to this  
band. Oh, well.

SILENT MAJORITY -  
this island earth -  
reservoir

Nice produced  
and packaged  
hardcore with  
melody. No songs  
about the Pine Town  
Inn though or  
whatever the hell  
it's called. I  
dunno, people on the  
cover of hardcore  
records shouldn't be  
smiling thogh even  
if the record makes  
you.

STICKS & STONES Cynical 7" -  
chunksaah po box 914 new brunswick nj  
08903

Really good stuff from S&S. Has  
old speedy hardcore song Thanks For  
The Cash an acoustic piece and 2 cuts  
that are just too new wave. Cool.

SIBLING RIVALRY - alternative  
tentacles

3 song novelty item. Joey Ramones  
brother Mickey plays with Joey  
singing, sorta. The On the Beach  
song is pretty decent and the cover's  
kinda funny (although it's not really  
their mom). Nothing to break Jello's  
legs over but not all that bad.

LA CRITONA - Frank  
White 7" chainsaw  
safety 85-16 88th  
ave woodhaven ny  
11421

"Hey Bill, it  
sounds like BLACK  
FLAG meets LAUGHING  
HYENYAS." Yeah  
right, I say it  
sounds like MEDICINE  
MAN played at 16rpm.

THE JOYKILLER  
epitaph

I think I  
read something that  
said that this had  
ex-members of TSOL,  
well that makes  
sense since this  
kinda sounds like a  
punked out version  
of RATT. OK, it's  
not that good, but  
...Hmmm I dunno,  
just a bit too MTV  
for anyone's  
tastes. I like the  
packaging, but I  
like the

SNFU One Voted... - epitaph

I saw SNFU last year and although  
I didn't like their last LP they  
still put on a good show despite the  
fact that they had to play with an  
awful Bad Brains wanna be (cough  
108). This LP sat a little better  
with me musically but y'know. Lyrics  
are still pretty entertaining.

# POSITIVELY NEGATIVE

the new release  
13 new songs on epitaph

## TOTAL CHAOS



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MONSTER X Straight  
Edge dysgusher 2  
bloor st west suite  
100, box 477  
toronto, ontario m4w  
3e2 canada

This is crazy  
deathmetally stuff.  
The music is pretty  
good hardcore mixed  
in with deathmetal  
vocals abd beats.  
The cover reminds me  
of a DARK ANGEL  
record. Not DEATH  
ANGEL, there's no  
Filipinos in this  
band as far as I  
know. And, that's  
why I like it. Get  
it, it'll serve to  
clear all the dust  
out of your  
speakers. Not only  
that but it was sent  
delivered with a six  
pack of PEPSI MAX  
which is like 1/2  
diet and 1/2 Regular  
and they only sell  
it to foreigners,  
who else.

exposure. I  
actually like the  
LUNACHICKS better on  
this than live. I  
dunno, it sounds  
more like bad 70's  
rock for the most  
part with a couple  
of decent tunes  
thrown in so you  
don't totally fall

this is better than  
Come Out and Play,  
but not as good as  
Stay Hungry. COAP  
does have guest  
appearances from  
Billy Joel, Brian  
Setzer and Clarence  
Clemmons this tries  
to match with guest  
backups by El Hefe.  
NUFAN used to have  
all the IRON MAIDEN

dual leads and shit  
but now they've  
kinda gotten lost in  
the whole pop punk,  
time to make money  
type of thing.  
Still it's not all  
that bad I guess.

NO USE FOR A NAME  
Leche Con Carne fat  
Ok let's just  
go over the artwork  
here. The cover's  
got tarbaby,  
sitting in the  
fridge stealing  
some guys ham  
hocks. The inside  
is a direct bite  
off of TS Come out  
and Play. Anyway

THE MEATHEN Pope on a rope- meat king  
box 5542 Mclean va 22103  
Hey Pope on a rope is already an  
AOD song. Ok, best cuts are REAL MEN  
HANG TO THE RIGHT, COLLEGE RADIO  
LOSER, the cover of HOT RAILS TO HELL  
isn't as good as the one with WHITE  
FLAG but all in all this is a right  
funny release but I think it should  
be a little more glamor-oriented. I  
personally found a soft spot in my  
heart for FOUND YOUR CAT.

LUNACHICKS Jerk of  
All Trades - go-  
kart

Hey, I saw  
Becky Wreck at The  
ODESSA a couple of  
months ago, but I  
just realized she  
doesn't play for  
them anymore. I  
guess she got too  
famous with all that  
Howard Stern TV

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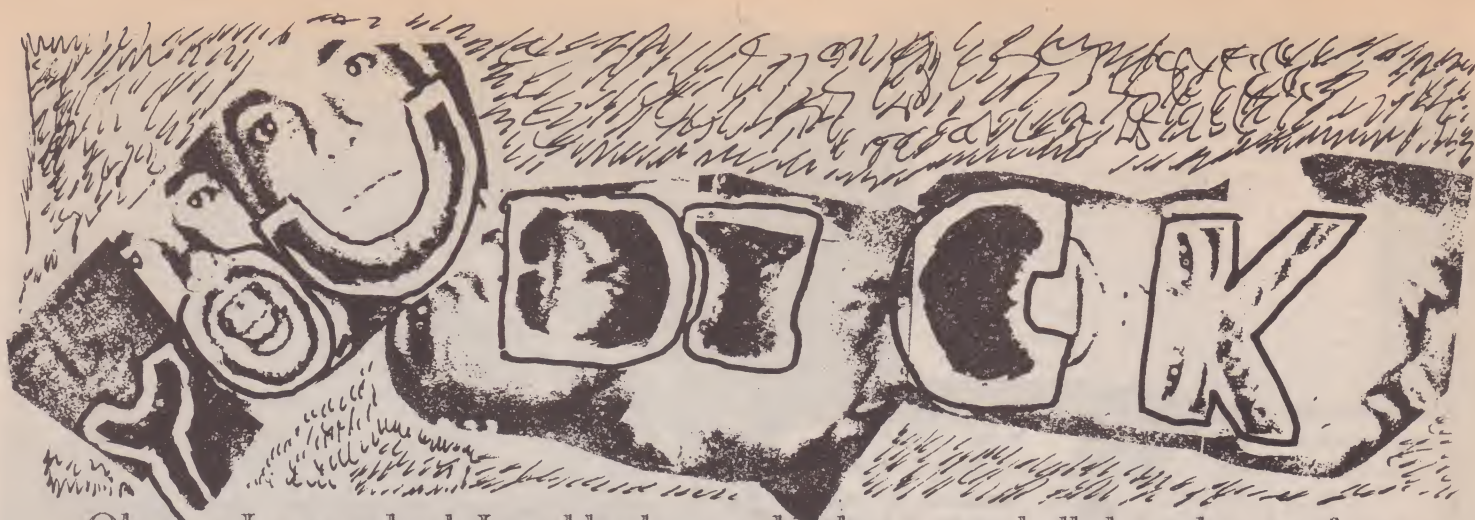
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• Ok, now I go to school, I read books, watch television and all that whatnot, forever expanding my knowledge and so on. All these things that separate us from the animals. Well my dog used to watch TV before he went blind, but now he walks into walls and pisses on the floor, so much for separating us from the animals.

Anyway, I think I'm pretty good at tolerating other people's tastes and habits, especially when they don't really affect me directly. I can sympathize with those who choose to smoke or drink, do drugs, even firing automatic weapons into windows of convenience stores can be rationalized in certain cases. The thing I fail to understand is why a guy would want facial hair and why any female, would want to kiss that. I've come up with a couple of theories about it which have been researched beyond a shadow of a doubt and will be included in the Greedy Bastard text book when it becomes an accredited course in sociology. I'm right, now shuttup and shave. Ok, the first makes a little bit of sense. You're fat, you're going bald pretty badly and quite frankly, you're looking not unlike a hairy honeydew. So, now you look like a hairy honeydew. Ok pal, whatever ya think.



The most common reason is this.  
**GOATEES HATE WOMEN!**

Now you may think that's a bit harsh but then again a lot of men who have goatees would probably look like a woman without it. Anyway, the situation is that after spending months with the same girl and kissing ~~that~~ every night, they get dumped. They decide they're gonna get women back by mimicking ~~that~~ on their face. The sad fact is that I could probably infer from this that, **ALL WOMEN WHO DATE BEARDED MEN ARE LESBIANS**, but that would be stretching, don't ya think. I could also come up with a few reasons why women don't shave but I'll probably get enough mail from all the hairy chinned geeks to satisfy me.

**MOST MEN WITH**



**NAKED ANGELS - Camel City 7" -**

groovecore po box 7476 winston salem  
nc 27109

My main slice Rob R Rock sent me  
this new dope def slab to listen to  
before I chuck a ho ho at his  
forehead. I actually own the Rob R  
Rock 12" Rap Single. Anyways, this  
is pretty straightfoward hc/punk  
kinda like UNDERDOG but the vocals  
sound a little wierd like they're  
through a rhythmizer or something the  
B side sounds like some indie rock  
stuff. Shrug?

**OBLIVIANS - Soul  
Food CD - crypt**

This is pretty  
rough stuff no  
frills rockinroll.  
LoFi kinda howlin  
and doomy in parts  
but something you  
can leave on in the  
background to  
impress the chicks.

**THE POO POO  
PLATTERS- tape- .64  
46 Harman Rd edison  
nj 08837**

This is punk  
pogoeey punk rock  
from NJ. Quite  
excellent I must  
say, totally up my  
alley. Features  
the guitar wizardry  
of GregJaw who is  
responsible for  
some art in here  
somewhere too...



**DEVIOD OF FAITH, AND NOAMI**

PAGEANT 7" romance po box 3041  
danbury ct 06813-3041

Oh, c'mon John stop trying to be  
emo, everyone already knows you're a  
hyperactive goofball with red fucking  
hair. This sounds a lot like FUGAZI  
but not as old.

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**PENNYWISE - About Time CD - epitaph**

PENNYWISE have got to be one of the lamest bands I've ever seen. They did BLACK FLAG songs which is dull enough, but they made them sound all nice and happy. Anyway, I really don't get it. Yawn, yawn, yawn.

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE OF DOOM - Split Figure 7" - Cherokee station, po box 20574, ny, ny 10021-0070**

Heavy start stop metal type stuff with sound bites and kinda stinky alternodoof vocals.

**SFA - Pure Hate CD - wreckage**

Honestly I liked SFA when they were just a loose thrasy punk band but I can settle for Mr Rafferty's version of it. This is the bands 2 lps on one disk with the obligatory "We're not trying to make more money off the hardcore scene blagh...blagh...blagh...People shouldn't hang outside when a band is playing, I haven't changed my old school NYHC t-shirt in 6 months etc." I did find the best part of this disc in the song So What it's " Killing animals for science is wrong, We

should kill them for fun." No photo of Jan.

**SHELFLIFE - practice tape**  
This is a band that Max (see reviews) put together. The guitar work is excellent, go see them if they play.

**SAMUEL lives of insects 7" - art monk construction po box 105 state college pa 16804**

Yeah, it's got one of those fucking one word presidential sounding names, I'm already wanting to not listen to it. Oh no, this is one of those "I'm still punk even though I like 10,00 Manics" type shit. Ok, about 10 -15 bands have popped up like this in the past couple of years and this is probably the best one simply because it doesn't have the funky-ass baseball hat metal-edge kids backing up the puny thing singing.(eg DALIA SEED, ASHES) This is kinda folksy, true to what it really is, hippy music.(but not as bad as COPPER, boy what a musical stench that lays) But, at least the singer has a decent voice and not just a front for little straight edgers to jerk off to. (ASHES).  
Ok, I think I've made my point.

**SEA MONKEYS Pizzaface 10" - dionysus po box 1975 burbank ca 91507**  
This is great!!! This platter starts off with a song from the movie HELLO DOWN THERE. Then blasts though 15 more racous crazy Time To tunes. They also cover silly punk Change by the Brady's which fits in well with Dave the Spazz's vocal quality. I always liked that song just because it uses SHA NA NA as a vocal.

**RED AUNTS - #1 Chicken - epitaph**  
Nice short punk songs. At times gets a little wishy-washy (L7) but for the most part it moves; yet nothing really stands out. Happy to see it not loaded with cute girly handwriting and ... shit there is one cat picture! Oh well, they are from California ya know. The cat is wearing a dress and in a boxing stance, I guess that's OK. Nice to see an epitaph release that wasn't badreligionized.

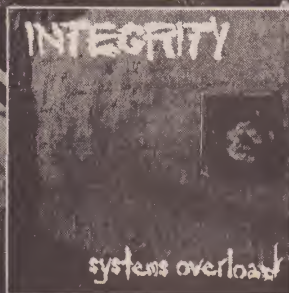
**RKL Riches to Rags - epitaph**  
RKL are probably the most technically talented band on epitaph, unfortunately they gave their recording over to some dork who made it sound like some PENNYWISE crapola. This has potential to be a decent punk influenced metal album but metal isn't cool anymore, goofy suburban "I've got a goatee bleached hair and a backwards baseball cap," punk is where it's at I guess. At least it's got a pro meat eating song on it.

**SCARAB - tape - \$3 to 22 frank st smithtown ny 11787**

This sounds like Bjork or something equivalent. The singer's cuter though.

**SUBURBAN VOICE - DISCHORD Tribute comes w/zine**

Uhhhhh. The zine is a lot better. Boston & DC are both kinda boring places, I guess that lends to think up bad ideas like a DISCHORD Records tribute and DISCHORD records period.



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TO-**

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# THE HUDSON WAS NOT MEANT TO BE CROSSED

A similar version of this article appears in DAN'S MORNING SCHEDULE which I highly recommend. It's done by this chick named Meirav but she never writes people back so I figured I'd put it in here too. Her address is 31 Park Hill Terrace, Princeton Jct., NJ 08550. So send her money, even though she'll probably flake on you.

This is something that I had to hear my dad rave about all the time. Since I work in the suburbs of New York City it is essential that I have a car. In fact a little more than half my income is put toward it. I'm not complaining about it, I figure I'm probably going blind and won't be able to drive when I get older so I drive as much as I can. I put 40,000 miles on my car in the past 16 months. By the way if you say hi to me from across a room or in a poorly lit place I may not know you are there, my vision is really poor, but that's another thing altogether.

Anyway, the one thing all of us fear on the open road is a little blue piece of metal with the workmanship of a well behaved prisoner and the tragic phrase "NEW JERSEY...GARDEN STATE."

All gridlock in New York is Jersey's fault. One housewife who decides to go to Bloomies at 4:00 PM will back up traffic from 14th to 114th. Then there's the addition of the problems Jersians have with parking, going, when the light changes, turning correctly, actually yielding to pedestrians, or passing you without tearing your door off. They also have no idea how to get out of the way of an emergency vehicle rushing to the scene of an accident caused by a fellow New Jersey dickhead, no doubt.

Look, when I was 16 my drivers license was not an easy thing to acquire, weeks of training and driving and lessons were needed and most people I knew ended up taking the dreaded road test 3 or 4 times before they passed. The test consisted of driving on a busy street in rush hour traffic and making a few turns, a u-turn on a side street and parallel parking. If you hit the curb when parking you would usually fail. In New Jersey both of my cousins passed the NJ test their first time with very little practice. The reason is because they conduct the test **in a parking lot!** What kind of stress does it take to drive around a few cones? Huh?

Ok, another thing that's fucked up about NJ. They outlawed self-service, probably because too many lunkeads there can't operate a gas pump. Or more likely there's so many dummies in NJ there weren't enough gas pumping jobs to go around. Anyway, since the lower gas rates is one of the only reasons to even pass through the foul-smelling state, you now have to wait on big long lines for the dopey attendants to pump the gas. On the turnpike I waited 25 minutes just to get up to the pump.

Another difference I have theorized is the fact that in New York they put this stuff to clean your windows in the correct tank and water in the water tank. In New Jersey they put plain water in your washer tank and all the people drink washer fluid which destroys their brain cells and makes them fart industrial gases, just ask my room mate.

The one relief I get from this whole mess is the fact that when auto thieves see cars from New Jersey they assume "sucker" and steal their car, and all the junk inside it so I may then go down to Ave D and buy it at a heavy discount.

By the way Justine DeMetrick moved to New Jersey and now owns a car, keep on the lookout and get outta the way.



**SOFTSPOT - Verge of sleep - 210 30th ave N nashville tn, 31203**

Umm, this is the cure cept not quite as powerful. So, where's the funny part hugh, the funny part is that I got suckered into listening to it....

**SOFA GLUE Smile CD - ransom note recordings - p.o. box 40164 bellevue, wa 98015**

This ain't all that bad. Well it's from Olympia which kinda makes me listen to it last but it's pretty ok punk type stuff goofy lyrics and it's decently fast. It looks like they've all got bad hair too.



**CHISEL 12\"/>**



**GARDEN VARIETY LP/CD**

**ALL 7\"/>**

**ALL 12\"/>**

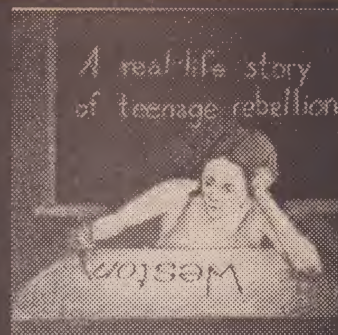
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**SINKHOLE Space Freak - dr strange**  
Good mid tempo pop punk and there's a song called shinola which is pretty cool cuz I tried to start a band called that. But it didn't work out because the singer went to go eat the free franks and beans at a strip bar instead of showing up to play the one show we played so we got this crazy drunk guy from Canada who yelled and took most of his clothes off while I announced the song was about a 90 year old ape jew boy. But, this sinkhole cd's still playing while I type all this irrelevant crap and it's sounding pretty ok. I wonder if these guys ever do the Pete Townscend Slide.

**SINKHOLE Troublematt 7" - dr strange**  
The a side is a good song off the full length. Now the B side is a B side in all respects. The first song has weak vocals and then they cover Heartbreaker with a female vocalist. What's the point? It's not any different from the original, why do I want to hear the Sinkhole version of this song when it sounds just like the original but now as good. Here's a message to all you schmucks out there, if you're gonna do a cover, don't bother recording it and if you do, at least make it worthwhile. Now, shutupp.

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**TEENGENERATE Get Action CD - crypt**

This is pure genius just because if this band was from this country the words would be understandable but everything's pronounced so bad it makes the record worthwhile itself. Now the music is even better, just a wall of lowfi blasts that make you wanna want to jump around and punch the ceiling as you bounce up and down on the bed. Excellent cover art that makes it look like a Kung Fu movie.

**TRICK BABYS Player CD go-cart**

Hey, this is pretty rocking NYC 70's sounding punky stuff. The vocals are cool and it's just pretty fun. How about Johnny Thunders stars in Grease. Well, maybe GREASE II (the one with the guy from married w/children aka the blonde guy from Happy Days, or does he just look like him? No, that's not him he's got an accent, sorry.)

**WESTON/STICKS & STONES split 7" - reservoir**

Really good split with neat-o slick package which is kinda ruined by the fact that these bands have nothing in common 'cept I like both of 'em. Fuckin Awesome!!!

**THIRSTY - Drinking Myself Sober - chris 195 killarney dr berkeley hgts nj 07922**

Cool. Punk with fart noises worked into the choruses, spaztic singing short simple and to the point 1234...

**TOTAL CHAOS - Patriotic Shock epitaph**

This is really silly. Heavy punk with spiked hair.

Shoulda came with a picture postcard of the band. Yawn.

**3 TON BRIDGE/BIRTHRITE split 7" - creamy italian records 4 foxboro lane, old brookville, ny 11545**

3 TON BRIDGE is kinda like Dag Nasty with crummy monotone vocals and mosh parts. BIRTHRITE is heavier without the DAG NASTY part.

**TILT - Til It Kills tape- fat**

This is really good. Sure, its a big time rip of X but I keep listening to it again and again. Except for the pseudo 50's ballad which could of been cool except people from California will never understand what it takes to pull something like that off. At lest they put it at the end so I can just FF to side A. I even got my roommate listening to it and all he likes is crappy vegan warrior garbidge.

**WEEN I'm Fat 7" - vital music po box 20247 NY NY 10028-0052**

I've never been a big WEEN fan. Well, I got big tits and I can't reach my dick when I wanna take a piss, I'm fat. I eat a big bag of chips and take smelly shits, I never take a bath, I'm fat. Sing that kinda tunelessly and you've got side a, now tape it and play it backwards and you've got side b. There.





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## ◆ Extended Tour Diary ala G.B. ◆

Wow! Travel diaries are so punk and so cool! I love reading zines that have nothing but little tour diaries in them. I did one once before, but it was way too concerned with my little adventures and such. This time I took a little trip to South Carolina and I think I really captured all the true feelings and emotions of life on the road!

**SATURDAY**  
MURRAY HILL DELI 39th & 1st  
7:48 AM  
16oz Diet Pepsi & Bannana Muffin (with little slices of bannana baked on top)  
WALT WHITMAN REST AREA I-95  
10:36 AM  
2 16 Oz Diet Pepsis  
MARYLAND WELCOME CENTER  
12:35 PM  
2 12oz Diet Pepsis & a small bag of Snyder's sour dough pretzels  
RICHMOND DAIRY QUEEN  
4:00 PM  
Large Diet Pepsi & small greasy fries  
7-11 in RICHMOND  
4:15 PM  
20 oz Diet Pepsi & Chocolate Moon Pie  
CRACKER BARREL, LUMBERTON NC  
9:00 PM  
Fried Apple Cakes, Diet Pepsi, Double Order of Hash Brown Casserole, 1/2 of Cindy's corn muffin, biscuit, caramel con and jelly beans.

**SUNDAY**  
LIA'S HOUSE  
12:30 PM  
1.5 Liters of Diet Pepsi and a Bannana Muffin  
PIGGLY WIGGLY  
3:00 PM  
2 16 oz Diet Pepsis  
KIOTO JAPANESE STEAK HOUSE  
8:30 PM  
3 glasses of Diet Pepsi,  
chicken teriaki, mushroom soup  
sald w/ginger dressing, mixed  
vegetables. Lot of butter in  
everything, ha!  
LIA'S HOUSE  
1:00 AM  
1.5 Liters of Diet Pepsi, M&M  
and Skippy Peanut Butter  
cookies.

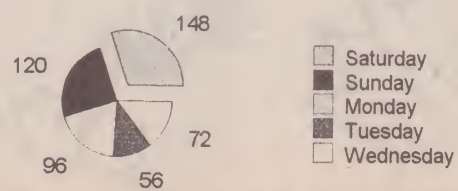
**MONDAY**  
KROGER  
1:00 PM  
2 16oz Diet Pepsis  
SOME PARK  
Cheese sandwich on pita with  
salsa and lettuce. Iced tea,  
leftover cookies from last  
night.  
TEXACO STATION  
6:00  
2 16oz Diet Pepsis  
LIA'S HOUSE  
10:00 PM  
Home made Macaroni & Cheese,  
nachos, Diet Coke (ughhh!),  
Jen's raw sugar cookies in  
little heart shapes, 1 Liter of  
Diet Pepsi.

**TUESDAY**  
CRACKER BARREL, N MYRTLE BEACH  
1:00 PM  
Fried Apple French Toast, Diet  
Pepsi, Triple order of Hash  
Brown Casserole, biscuit and  
cinnamon candies.  
LIA'S  
7:00 PM  
Heart shaped M&M cookies  
PIZZA HUT  
9:30 PM  
Half order of breadsticks and a  
Diet Pepsi.

**WEDNESDAY**  
TEXACO  
2:00 AM  
2 16oz Diet Pepsis & Lil Debb's  
Marshmellow Pie.  
TRAVELODGE MARYLAND(?)  
Vanilla Moon Pie, I bought a  
fat free gourmet chocolate chip  
cookie to see what it would  
taste like but for all I know  
it's still under the seat in my  
car. 2 20oz Diet Pepsis. What  
a trip I tell ya!

Ya know actually  
this is a lot less Diet  
Pepsi than I usually  
drink on a daily basis. I  
usually drink about 1/2  
a bottle for breakfast  
then go on to 3 or 4  
Super Big Gulps at the  
7-11 down the street  
from work and then I  
usually have as much as  
1 1/2 bottles between  
dinner and sitting  
around watching TV.  
Now I used to drink just  
as much regular Pepsi  
when I was younger and  
of age.\* No wonder I  
was such a pimply, fat  
unpopular, antisocial  
dork...

### DIET PEPSI CONSUMPTION OZ.



\* Old enough to buy my  
own without dad killing  
me for drinking it all.



Ok, my friend Max wanted to get some free records plus I need a break from slugging everything once in a while so here it is. By the way give the guy a break, he's 15 and he thinks he's going bald. Don't believe it though, he just needs a haircut.

# MAX'S REVIEWS

Anger and English-comp. double 7", Framework records, PO Box 216, Port Jefferson station, NY, 11776-The first side is all by CAMPAIGN (wow i did their logo) and is kinda boring. It's heavy, but not very tight. The songs all have a couple good parts, though. Then I flip it over to the Factory side and it sounds exactly like Campaign, and it starts with the same line. It's a little bit better though, they're a lot tighter. Still nothing special though. Side C-Man Is The Bastard- This bores me, and I honestly can't tell if it's supposed to be 33 or 45. Side D-Scapegrace-the music is good, but the vocals kinda suck- just high pitched screeching. Dammit, this comp is too mediocre to write anything good about.

Bad Trip, Garden Variety, Avail-show at wetlands, Sunday April 23rd.-Bad Trip was really good, playing mostly stuff off their new album, but they weren't loud enough for some reason. Still, they played a good set with the exception of the jokes they told. Garden Variety was good, but boring, and played stuff either off the album or new songs. Avail was much worse than I'd ever seen them. Most of the songs they played were really generic, and were a little too cheesy this time around. Oh well...

Bad Trip-Buzzy LP, Wreck-Age, not sure when it comes out, see Die 116 for address.- This is really good- it's quite different from "Fear and Loathing" and the Elevator 7". They have some good poppy songs, like "Magic Pill," and some good weird ones, like "Random Test." and just plain good songs, like "Tell Me." Get this.

DEADGUY-Work Ethic 7", Engine Records, (god i hate doing addresses) PO Box 1575, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY, 10009- This is okay, kinda Rorschachy, very heavy. I'm not too into the vocals, but it's still pretty good. Plus, if you play it at 33 rpm it sounds like the Melvins.

Die 116-Dyna-Cool LP/CD, Wreck-Age, 451 W. Broadway 2N, NY, NY, 10012.-It's musically good, but just not my thing. It's pretty experimental, which is good. E for effort.

I'd Rather Be Dead-s/t 7", No Problem records, 917 e. 5th st. Bethlehem, pa, 18015- For what it is, this is an okay 7", but what it is is 70's metal, and that's not very good. It still is kinda fun though.

INSULT-Live at "Fairview Hospital" for the Criminally Insane 7"-Decapitated Records, P.O. Box 918, Billerica, MA, 01821.-If all a band has to say for itself is that they played at a mental hospital, and that they broke out, and beat the issue far beyond its time of death, they need to find other things to do. This sounds like bad death metal with screaming vocals. This is pathetic.

LATEX GENERATION-Bored 7"-Motherbox Records, 60 Denton Ave, East Rockaway, NY 11518-I kinda like this. It's good and poppy, and one of the songs has a cool ska part. Recommended.

Misc. product review-ROGAINE with MONOXODIL, upjohn pharmicudical, upjohn pharmicudicals-Yes, I'm fifteen, and going bald. (well, it's arguable) but those doctor people say so, and now Mom's dishing out 84 bucks a bottle for this shit. I started taking it in September, and some of my hair has grown back since then, the doctor people say, but I've been forgetting to use it lately. Here are some problems-It should have a matching toothbrush, like birth control pills, so you don't forget to take it. You have to dab it on your scalp with a medicine dropper, which is pretty damn annoying, a spray would be nicer. Also, your hair should be just about totally dry when you put it on, and I don't have time in the morning 'cause of fucking school, and I don't feel like taking it with me. Also, I read an article in the post that says Pataki's on it, and he sucks, and there is a chance of it slightly lowering your sexual drive. Rumor has it, though, that if you put it on your gens, you get more rigid erections. ok, I'll stop now.



# TAXIS REVIEWS CONT'D

WHOLE 9 YARDS-issue #9 + 7", \$4 R.Walter  
GPO box 645, NY, NY, 10001- Wow! In one  
zine I get interviews with bad bands,  
cheezy graffiti, and better yet a sucky  
comp. 7"! And for only FOUR BUCKS! This  
zine is a bad joke. I could go on, but I  
don't feel like being shot, ending up in a  
bodycast for 6 weeks, etc.

Gwen Mars-s/t 7", Dragster Records, no  
address thank god.- Shitty sort of  
industrial bands with songs about people  
named Dick kinda suck.

Rumba Rumba Snort Rip...

## GRAPPLING BUSKERS

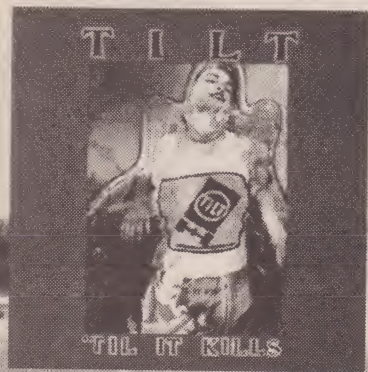
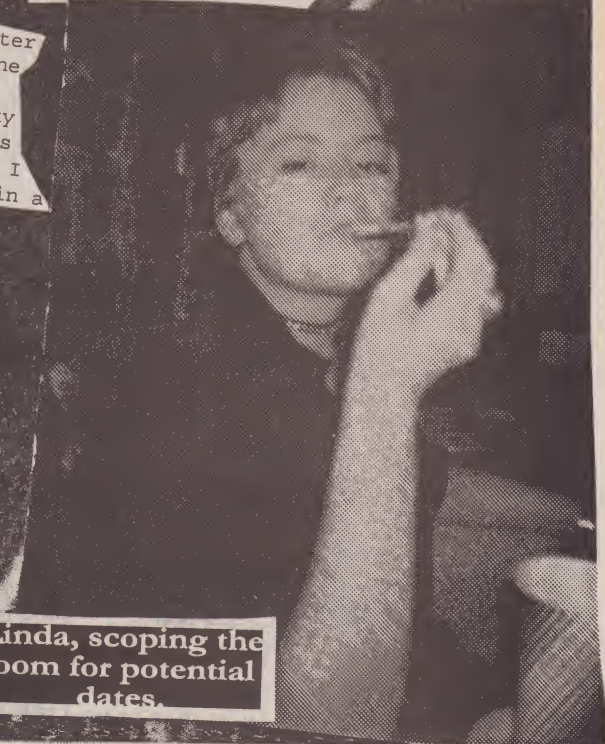


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room for potential  
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# ROCK ITALIAN PUNK STYLE



I don't know if this ethnic thing is going to happen again, so don't count on it. I did the Punk Jew thing because I work with Jewish people every day at work. This is the Italian Punks phone survey because I'm Italian and although my family has lost a lot of the stereotypes/culture I know a decent amount about it and quite frankly a lot of it is pretty funny, so read.

**My first victim is Jim (Jersey Beat) Testa:**

GB: Are you Italian?

Jim: My father's side of the family is.

GB: So, did your house have the kitchen located in the basement?

Jim: Yes, it did.

GB: Did grandma live there too?

Jim: Yeah. We actually had four generations living in the same house.

GB: Did you have a gold carpet?

Jim: Yes, we did! I didn't know that was a stereotypically Italian thing.

GB: Well, it matches the gold plaster art and the gold painted furniture.

Jim: We never had the gold inlay plaster.

GB: L Did you have the plastic on the furniture?

Jim: No. Well, my grandmother did that but my parents never did.

GB: When you bought a new car did everyone throw change in it?

Jim: No, ya see my family is northern Italian...

GB: Wow, I never knew that was a Sicilian type of thing.

Jim: We're better...Southern Italians are peasants.

GB: I'm a mix. In fact in my mom's family, her grandfather moved over here because he married a peasant and it was frowned upon so they had to get out. Did you have a bowl of fake fruit on the table?

Jim: Oddly enough, yes.

GB: Were you an altar boy?

Jim: Yes.

GB: Wow, you're batting 100 here. Did you ever see anyone eat plain ricotta cheese?



Jim: No That's another southern Italian thing. My grandmother used to eat brains.

GB: yeah, mine too. Did she always wear black?

Jim: No thank God. That's an old Pat Cooper routine about the bun over here...

GB: My grandfather likes to think he's Pat Cooper. Ok, how do you spell GABBA GOUL. (This is how it is said it's actually spelled CAPPACOLA)

Jim: That's a southern Italian dialect thing...(Jim trying to cop out)

GB: So you don't know how to spell it Jim and you're weaseling out of it...

Jim: That's a dialect, like moulungiana too, for eggplant.

GB: Yeah, but it's a real thing...

Jim: We didn't eat Pasta Fazoul either.

**Andrew Orlando of Reservoir Records.**

Andrew: The guidos in my neighborhood beat me up because they didn't like my Gorilla Biscuits shirt so I came back at them with a baseball bat and took care of them guido-style.

GB: I tried to sell air-sickness bags a Gorilla biscuits show...Did you have any gold furniture?

Andy: My mom's irish so we weren't really into that.

GB: Oh, irish, shit maybe we should quit this. were you an altar boy?

Andy: Yep.

GB: What's the best pizzeria?

Andy: Carlo's Pizza on Metropolitan Ave and Middle Rd.

GB: How about the change in the car?



Andy: Yeah totally. Dude, I got my car like, last year. My friend Lenny threw like 2 rolls of quarters in there. And it was a van so it was like, all ova the place.

All my friends who aren't 'down' with the Italian scene were like, hey! Quarters!

GB: How about mafia connections?

Andy: My grandfather used to hang out at the social club. He was kinda like wanna-be mafia ya know.

GB: Did you ever go to a wake where everyone says "Oh, he looks good."

Andy: Arggh! I fucking hate that! They're dead, they look fucking horrible.

GB: Ok, spell Gabba Goul.

Andy: Coppicala.

GB: Pretty close

Joe Gervasi of NO LONGER A FANZINE.

GB: So, I need some stories about being Italian.

Joe: Well I can tell you about this guy fast eddie. Now, he himself wasn't Italian but the people who frequented him were. He was this guy in Philadelphia who would buy dirty underwear from boys and young men and have him crap in pizza boxes for him...

GB: I heard about him on Howard Stern.

Joe: The people that went to him mostly were the guidos from my high school and even though they were big homophobes and "Hey,

faggot, faggot this..." They would be over there getting blowjobs from the guy, crapping in pizza boxes and making some cash on the side.

GB: Did they crap on a pizza or was it just in the box?

Joe: No, just in the box and he would keep the boxes so after this whole thing broke...

GB: I guess they'd be easy to file that way.

Joe: That's probably true...

GB: He could write the guys name on the side of the box like we do at the photography studio for people's pictures.

Joe: Well, he had rented all these storage spaces to keep all the dirty underwear and stuff and when he got busted there was chaos in the area because all the parents found out that their kids were going to this guy and all these guys thought they were gonna have AIDS because he had AIDS. These were all the altar boys and all these "good Italian boys" I would always hear about this in the gym locker rooms and stuff at my school and I always wanted to go

sell some underwear to him too, I didn't need it and I could make some quick cash...

GB: Were you ever an altar boy?

Joe: Nooo... But I was confirmed and I went through the whole process.

GB: Spell GABBA GOUL.

Joe: I know what it is but I can't spell it.

Mike Yannicelli of 1.6 BAND.

Mike: I was always getting flipped \$20's by my uncle on special occasions, my uncle's like the big head honcho wanna-be mafia guy in my family. Always telling me to get a haircut, and giving me a \$20. He always says when I grow up he'll get me a job.

GB: Did he?

Mike: No.

GB: That's messed up. Do you have any guido relatives?

Mike: Totally with their wives names tattooed on them in a heart on their arm.

GB: Are they the type to sit out in the street washing their car.

Mike: Oh, always. You leave the wax on, and you drive around with the wax on for a while. Hmmm... Everyone on my mom's side has a pinky ring.

GB: My family doesn't even come close to that.

Mike: My mom's side comes from the Bronx.

GB: Would you ever eat at the OLIVE GARDEN?

Mike: Never, it's forbidden.

GB: Ok spell Gabba Goul.

Mike: F...

GB: F???

Mike: Gabba Gohl! Oh man, G A B, G O B maybe G O B A G A U L. Shit. Lance used to work at Meat Farms on LI He'd get that one right, it's like prisuitto.

GB: You never pronounce the A tho.

Mike: We say, stunad, and ubatz, cock means cock, gotz en goul, minqa...

GB: I know Pat Cooper always says Skivosa Skivosa

Mike: That means lowlife I think...

GB: My grandfather is like 3rd generation Italian-American and

he always pretends that he's a big guinea and always speaks Italian to the waiter and stuff but he's a big phoney because he learned it later on in life because his parents always made sure English was their children's first language.

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(OK, at some point later I called Mike to get someone else's phone number and his roommates answered)

(chewing sounds on the tape)

GB: Hey, is Mike in?

Tom: Hey, is this the guy asking for Italian stories again?

GB: Yeah, I was gonna ask if he knew anything about the fig trees. Why do Italians insist on growing fig trees in the wrong climate.

Tom: All I know is that my grandmother had them all over the backyard.

GB: So who would have to go out and tie them up in the winter and put those garbage bags all over them?

Tom: My grandfather would always do that.

GB: Do you know anything about the process of covering the trees for the winter?

Tom: You're right about the garbage bags, always black garbage bags... The black attracts the sun's heat.

GB: So maybe there's nothing except the garbage bags.

Tom: And that like white twine wrapped around the garbage bags. My other grandparents had a whole big grape vine in the backyard. I used to climb on it and my great grandmother would holler in Italian and I never knew what the hell she was saying. But there was always fresh grapes in the refrigerator. We never made our own wine though.

GB: How about chickens?

Tom: Chickens?

GB: My neighbors had a grape vine and one summer they had these chickens and I guess they had a barbecue at the end of the summer but the chickens were walking all over our yard and shitting all over the place.

Tom: My grandmother with the grapes also had the statue of the virgin mother in her backyard.

GB: What about little donkeys and deer and stuff?

Tom:(laughing) We had those, yeah! We also had this little elf guy...

GB: On the mushroom!

Tom: yeah, the red cap and the mushroom. My grandfather had the Italian horn hanging in the car. All Italian grandfathers have compasses in their car, those big like, fisherman's ones. They have those.

GB: What's the best pizzeria?

Tom: Patsy's Pizza in Brooklyn, by and far...And Rob (Mike's other roommate) said My Little Pizzeria on Court St in Brooklyn is very good. Hey, Rob you have to have some good stories...Hold on here's Rob.

some fresh grated cheese at this Italian deli in Carol Gardens, Brooklyn. And the guy in the deli was complaining about the deli down the block because they got all this new stuff. " They got fuckin shelves of bread like dis, they got meatballs like dis, BANG, like rocks! They prolally art rocks!"

Tom: I remember when I was a kid, on my father's side of the family, it was very matriarchal, all the women ruled, over the men. My great grandmother owned an apartment building in queens. And everybody lived in the

apartment building. Nobody was allowed to live outside of this apartment building.

GB: I know the situation, my great aunt owns the building I live in and everyone's related in some way.

Tom: Nobody, in the whole building ever used their kitchens or did anything in their own apartments except slept there. Everything went on in my great grandmother's apartment on the bottom floor. And I remember being freaked out because my grandmother didn't use the oven for anything except putting her hats in it. Nothing in the oven except hats and nothing in the refrigerator except cigarettes and Carnation Instant Breakfast. And every time I would go there the tub would be different colors, because my grandmother was completely obsessed with contact paper. She would paper the toilet bowl and the bathtub. You'd stay over my aunts house and they all had contact paper all over everything.

I remember I spit in the pasta once and I got in trouble. My great grandmother had this huge pasta pot, like a cauldron and would make pasta for a 150 people and it went in this big bowl and I stood up one time and spit in it. I got the shit beat out of me.

GB: Once I had those snappers, the things you throw on the ground and they blow up. I threw one at

Rob: My great grandfather, he used to live down the block from Pappa Joe Gall, that's Crazy Joe Gall's father. He used to have a rope tied to each brownstone and whenever the cops would come or something, my grandfather would bring all the guns into his apartment.

GB: What's the deal with the gummata?

Rob: Gummata is slang for girlfriend if you're cheating on your wife.

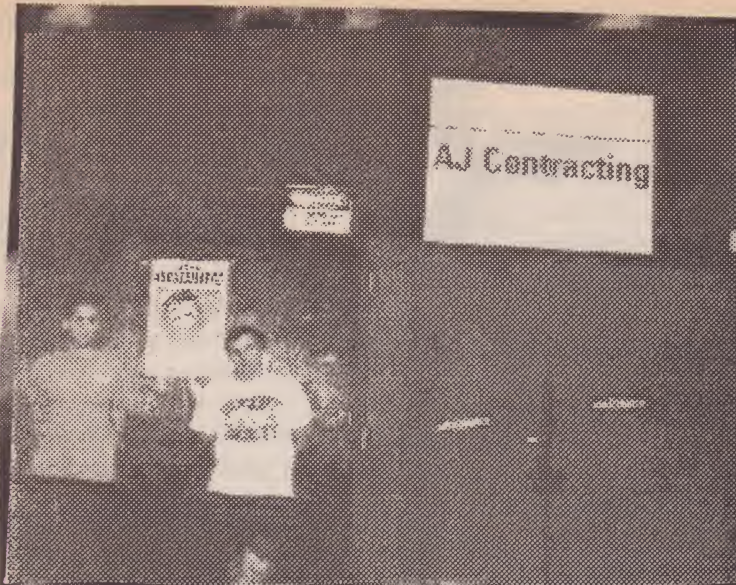
GB: Don't they get a separate apartment for the gummata?

Rob: Sometimes, if they're rich.

GB: What other stories ya got?

Rob: the other day I went to get





a birthday cake and it left little black pebbles all over the top of the cake.

Tom: To hide the extra roll of toilet paper she would always make these ladies...

GB: Yeah! My great grandmother used to knit the ladies too, with the dress that fit over the toilet paper roll!

Tom: She always had that match the contact paper. She would make new ones to match.

GB: My grandmother used to knit me booties.

Tom: Christmas ornaments, you name it.

GB: My grandmother used to knit

all the time but she couldn't cook for her life. She's like throw raw meatballs into the tomato sauce and shit...My german grandmother cooks everything in trimmed pork fat.

Tom: OTB was a big thing on that side of the family too. And they would never eat in, everything was International House of Pancakes or the bakery. That was a peculiar thing too because the bakery was in a really Italian neighborhood. And you could sit down and eat but we would always cook our own breakfast. I never understood this, we'd go in the back and there was this little grill and my grandfather would cook on the

grill i the back of the bakery.

GB: how about running numbers?

Tom: no, nothing like that, that I ever noticed. Rob's uncle's bar got blown up by the mafia.

GB: Wow, you guys had much better stories than Mike, that's for sure.

Carl Porcaro of Engine Records/Killing Time etc...

GB: Did you ever go to a family reunion where a fight broke out?

Carl: No, I've seen people pass out drunk or cry but I've never seen any violence.

GB: Any guido relatives?

Carl: Yeah.

GB: What kinda names do they have?

Carl: Benardino...

GB: First names

Carl: That's his first name.

GB: Oh.

Carl: Guiseppe, Franco...

GB: What do ya think of the OLIVE GARDEN?

Carl: Sucks!

GB: Throw change in the car?

Carl: Yeah, one of the first cars that I owned was a 1977 Chevy Nova that my mom handed down to me and like she had it for like 7 or 8 years and the change was still there when I got it. I ended up scrounging it when I had to like, put it in a meter.

GB: What's the best Pizza?

Carl: Joe's on Carmine St. or Franks on Middletown Rd in the Bronx.

GB: Wow, I eat there all the time it's like a block away from my house!

GB:How do ya spell Gabba Goul?

Carl: Cava Cul.

GB: Better than most.

Vinnie of MINTONE Records.

GB: Did you ever have a bowl of fake fruit?

Vinnie: yeah, when I was a kid with the plastic bananas and oranges.

GB: Where you can pull the grapes off...

Vinnie: yeah, you can squeeze 'em and put them back on. I had really tacky wallpaper in the kitchen with all these yellow flowers.

GB: Did you ever see someone just eat ricotta cheese plain, like out of the bucket?

Vinnie: I do that! It's fucking great man!

GB: Any ties to wine importing, cement, waste removal...

Vinnie: No comment.

GB: It doesn't exist right?

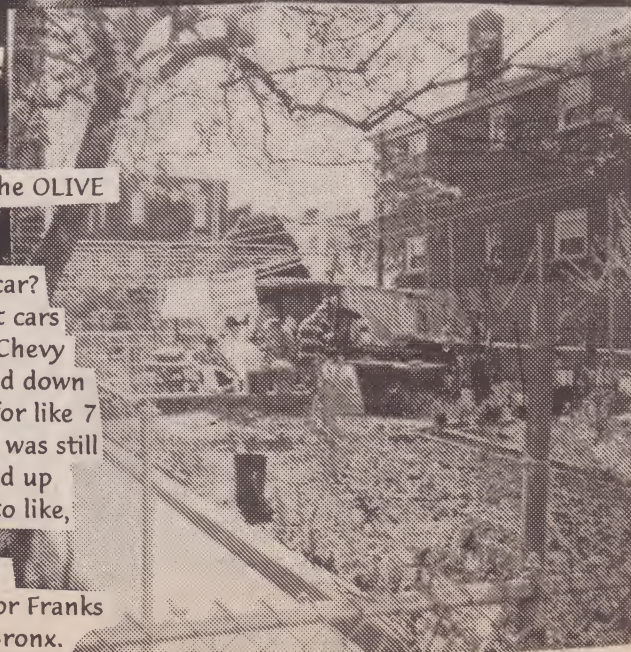
Vinnie: I'm not saying noting further.

GB: How do you spell Gabba Goul?

Vinnie: I would say G A...

GB: No, no, forget it. What's the best Pizza?

Vinnie: 58th and 9th but I think it closed.





RAY CAPPO of YOUTH OF TODAY  
etc...

GB: Are you full Italian?

Ray: My body is, yes.

Cappo/Baldini.

GB: Did you have any lawn  
decorations?

Ray: ya see, my parents they made  
it out of queens by divine

arrangement and American work  
ethics they moved to Connecticut  
but all my aunts and uncles have  
the nice plastic covered couches,  
plastic covered lamps...Ya know

what was big. Horseshoes and the  
horseshoes had to be facing  
upward, because if you face them  
down the luck falls out of them.

GB: How about gold carpets.

Ray: Yeah, and Jesus everywhere.

Actually, my grandmother had this

one shelf filled with Jesus' Marys  
saints...

GB: My grandmothers into the  
praying hands. She has them all  
over her house. Were you ever an  
altar boy?

Ray: No, I came from a big family,  
7 kids and by the time it came to  
me my parents didn't even care  
anymore. Catholic school...

GB: Did you ever see anyone just  
eat ricotta cheese right out of the  
bucket?

Ray: I do. Don't tell the vegans...

GB: What's the best pizza?

Ray: Johns on Greenwich Ave.  
(blah blah blah)

Ray: My name actually used to be  
Capo but my grandmother spelled  
it wrong when she came over on  
the boat. My grandfather had 6  
daughters...

GB: What kind of work was he in?

Ray: He was just poor, that was his  
business. He would do whatever he  
could, shovel streets without  
boots, tie up newspapers around  
his feet as boots and they finally  
saved enough money to open a  
little candy store, which went  
bankrupt.

GB: Did you always have fish on  
Christmas eve.

Ray: Yeah, fish on Christmas Eve  
and on Good Friday and Meat on  
Sunday.

GB: Did you have any big fat dogs?

Ray: Of course, part of the culture.  
Big fat dogs and plastic lamps.

And really ugly clocks. And this  
thing over our sink that said, "Oh  
Jesus, Lord of Pots & Pans" I  
couldn't believe it.

GB: What did your parents think  
about your conversion in Krishna?

Ray: Oh, they shit the bed so to  
speak. they were pissed.

GB: They didn't throw you out of  
the family did they?

Ray: No, or exorsize me. No, they  
were just bummed out. I came  
home for Christmas, shaven head  
and a pony tail. Bugged them out.

That's what being a parent is  
about. Getting all your hopes  
shattered... Get ready if you're  
thinking of having kids. Your son's  
gonna come home with another  
guy or your daughters gonna get

pregnant with a biker's  
baby...That's Life. Kid comes home  
a hare Krishna, really blows it all.

GB: They're probably saying, see,  
he shoulda been an altar boy!

Ray: I got Communion  
confirmation the whole thing...

GB: I got in trouble once. I went  
to Catholic high school and they  
made you take religion class and  
buy this little bible that had tissue  
paper thin pages. And I really  
hated carrying it so I got into the

habit of pulling apart the chapter  
we were studying and sticking it in  
my notebook and like after 7 or 8  
months the teacher finally noticed  
and gave me detention which they  
called JUG (judgement under  
god). Hey, I'm gonna get going  
now.

Ray: Ok, brother.

RICH DERESPINA of HELL NO

GB: So what's the percentage of  
greaseball blood?

Rich: 25%

GB: Oh, that's it?

Rich: It's just the name basically.

GB: Any mafia connections...

Rich: Well, sorta....

GB: Didn't you talk about how  
your uncle went to jail...

Rich: Oh, everybody in my family  
went to jail. I think I'm the only  
one who hasn't been in jail. Me and  
my mutha. My father said that his  
father could basically get anything  
he wanted. Just tell some guys he  
knew and they could get anything.

GB: Except staying out of  
prison...Do you ever feel the urge  
to bring bread when you go over  
someone's house?

Rich: Yeah, I'm a real bread eater  
and I love a good hunk of Italian  
bread. There's this place,  
Cangianos. Best bread in the  
country.

GB: Hey,, remember when we went  
to St Anthony's feast and you got  
those zeppoles.





Rich: I got zeppoles and I bit into it and it was filled with so much oil it just squirted out and dripped down my face. Hot grease.  
GB: Did you have a really fat dog because it was always fed off the table?

Rich: Yeah. Not anymore because it's dead.

GB: That's usually what happens when you feed the dog off the table.

GB: Ok, how do you spell gabba goul?

Rich: G O

GB: No, you're spelling it wrong.

Rich: G O B B A G U L

(laughs)

**Peter Vententionio of STICKS & STONES**

GB: Hey Pete I want to ask you some questions about Italians.

Pete: Could you call back in 15 minutes Star Trek is on.

GB: Ok

(15 Minutes Later)

GB: So how Italian are you?

Pete: I'm so Italian, I've got 11 letters in my last name.

GB: My friend Ray doesn't have any consanants in his last name it's just Iaia. (pronounced YA YA)

Pete: Actually Star Trek was invented by an Italian, Gino Deroddaberra. He was from Jersey.

GB: Here's a good one for you, did your grandmother always dress in black?

Pete: My grandmother always had a beehive but she wasn't Sicilian, my grandfather was Sicilian. It's the Sicilian women who wear all black.

GB: Did you have the kitchen in the basement.

Pete: No, my grandmother was an awful cook. I didn't know lasagna wasn't supposed to be crunchy until I moved out of the house. She was like, the oldest daughter and she was supposed to marry someone rich and it just didn't happen.

GB: What's the best Pizzeria.

Pete: The guitarist from STICKS & STONES's brother owns a pizzeria

and that's in Whitehouse on RT22. It might be called Paul's Pizza because that's his name.

GB: Do you have any guido relatives?

Pete: Another typical Italian thing about me is that none of my relatives speak to each other

because of a terrible family feud that happened about 10 years before I was born. And that is the Sicilian side. So the answer is yes but since I've never been invited to any family functions I've never had



to talk to them. And, I'll tell you what the feud was about...At a wedding, my grandfather wanted to take home some cookies for his grandkids and they wouldn't let him bring any cookies home. Because of this they have not spoken to each other for thirty years.

GB: Now that's a typical Italian story. See, I think if they were Irish, they would've beat the crap out of each other and then not remembered it in the morning. Did you ever go to a wake?

Pete: Yes, in fact we have a mortician in the family. It's a she...

GB: Does she make 'em look good?

Pete: Yeah, In fact I'll get her business card.

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(I start asking questions about the family businesses)

Pete: No, we were upholsterers

GB: My family was in the monument business, they make gravestones.

Pete: Most of my family have plastic on their furniture. They

want to keep it nice.

GB: Was there like a sheet of glass over the coffee table with like a doily under it?

Pete: Doesn't everyone have that?

The best thing about being Italian is YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE IN CALIFORNIA!!!

**Charles Maggio of Gern Blandsten Records.**

Charles: My grandmother religiously grew a fig tree for 50 years. She'd use tomato crates

and put them on top and she put green plastic bags over them and tied them. In fact, listen to this. This is a good fig tree story, my grandmother moved from Little Ferry into our house and she took the tree. Planted it in our backyard. I don't think we've eaten one fig off that tree in all the years it was here. My grandmother owned a fruit stand and she'd take all the fruit that





went bad off the stand and bury it in the backyard as fertilizer. But, then she got rats.

GB: I think my grandmother burys the fruit too. What's the family business?

Charles: Contracting.

GB: So, like, cement, construction...

Charles: That sounds like a bad stereotype. Two of my uncles own contracting businesses which basically is demolition and garbage removal. And I make no comment after that.

GB: Did your grandmother have the kitchen in the basement.

Charles: Yeah. Oh, yeah. My grandmother lived in a two family house and there was a kitchen all the way upstairs and one in the downstairs apartment and one in the basement. There was a wine cellar and a coal bin.

GB: How about Contact Paper?

Charles: Yea, yea, yeah! That I've seen. My grandmother says, the word oil is erl, toilet is terlet, boil is berl...

GB: My grandmother says terlet too, but I thought it was just a Bronx thing.

Charles: How about the Ball Jars?

My grandmother used to make her own wine in the basement.

GB: Did she grow grapes?

Charles: She used to get them at the Patterson market. She's get like 5 cases of grapes and we'd go in her basement and crank the grapes out. Then she'd put it in the wine cellar for two weeks... She doesn't know much but she knows how to do things like that.

GB: Were you an altar boy?

Charles: I never was, my brother was and my father was in the

seminary about three months away from becoming a priest. That did run in the family until this generation, that altar boy/priest thing.

It always seemed that, being the heavyset Italian that I am, it always seemed that in an Italian family, if you were fat it was equated with healthy. Like every time you'd eat more, "He's healthy he's growing."

GB: Everyone's grandmother is trying to stuff food in your face...

Charles: I think that's pretty much a Jewish thing too. Most Italians, not so much in my family but in most, they talk down about southern Italians. I used to have a friend whose last name was Rocco. We called his father the Don. He kinda looked like Marlin Brando. We'd say, hey Don who's the most famous Sicilian you know and he'd look at ya and say "Willie Mays." There was a big racist thing with Southern Italians because it's so close to Africa.

GB: My mom's maiden name is DeNigris.

Charles: Oh Man! That can't help. My grandmother married a polish person, my grandfather was known as the Pollack. He wasn't Charlie, he wasn't chuck he was the Pollack.

GB: Do you have any good stories about the Pizza Place you work for?

Charles: Well it's the only place where the best pizza man is Vietnamese. He makes better pizza than the owners.

GB: Ok this is what I asked

everyone, but I think you're the one who's gonna get it right. How do you spell GABBA GOUL?

Charles: C A P I C O L A.

GB: I think that may be correct actually.

Charles: The best is when people come in asking for RICOTTA or MANICOTTI and What's your EGGPLANT ENDTREE? They can't grasp the language right. He's a good Italian story. When my father first met my mother, my great grandmother was from Italy. My grandmother, when it

rains out, she throws St Joseph's bread out the window thinking it'll stop the rain.

GB: My mom made me put a St Christophers medal in my car.

Charles: My grandmother, she likes to make me take her to the cemetery to visit my grandfather's grave and she has me dig and plant flowers in it. It gives me the creeps. Here's another morbid thing, my grandmother has photo albums we were looking through and she has pictures of

GB: Every coffin?

Charles: Every coffin. Every guy that ever got buried and I'm like what the hell. Wait, here's a story for your zine are you ready for this...My great grandmother died when she was like 96 in 1984 and one of her sons owned, I'm not gonna say....a contracting company. It was really big. When we were leaving the funeral home to go bury the body, he wanted his mother to see how successful he was. So, he had all his garbage trucks drive past the hearse. I remember my parents putting their hands over this face like, I can't believe this. All these garbage trucks like (beeping sound) After my great grandmother died I had to go in there and follow my uncle around with a chair and he was standing on it getting pictures of the coffin from different angles.



OH! This is the grossest thing you'll ever hear. My grandmother was just going through some really old stuff she had. I guess when her brother was born he was born with this extra piece of skin on his face.

GB: Like a harelip or something?  
Charles: no, it covered his face, they called it like a shroud. It's just like a mucous membrane or something. They cut it off and it's like good luck to keep it. And my grandmother had it, it's like 85 years old. I was like, get that the hell outta here!!!! Totally gross. I think all Italians are packrats, they never throw anything out.

GB: Yeah, after my grandfather retired he became Mr. Go through everyone's garbage. He stakes out

all the supermarkets and collects whatever they're getting rid of like dented cans and whatnot. And every time my dad goes over there my grandfathers like you need some of this... And my Dad always says yes because my grandmother said that's the only way they get rid of stuff and usually my dad just throws it out or whatever.

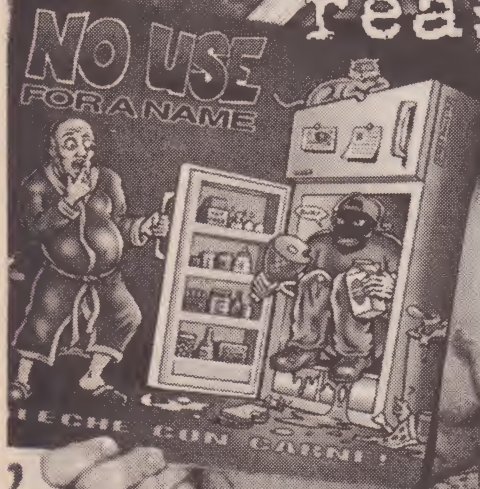
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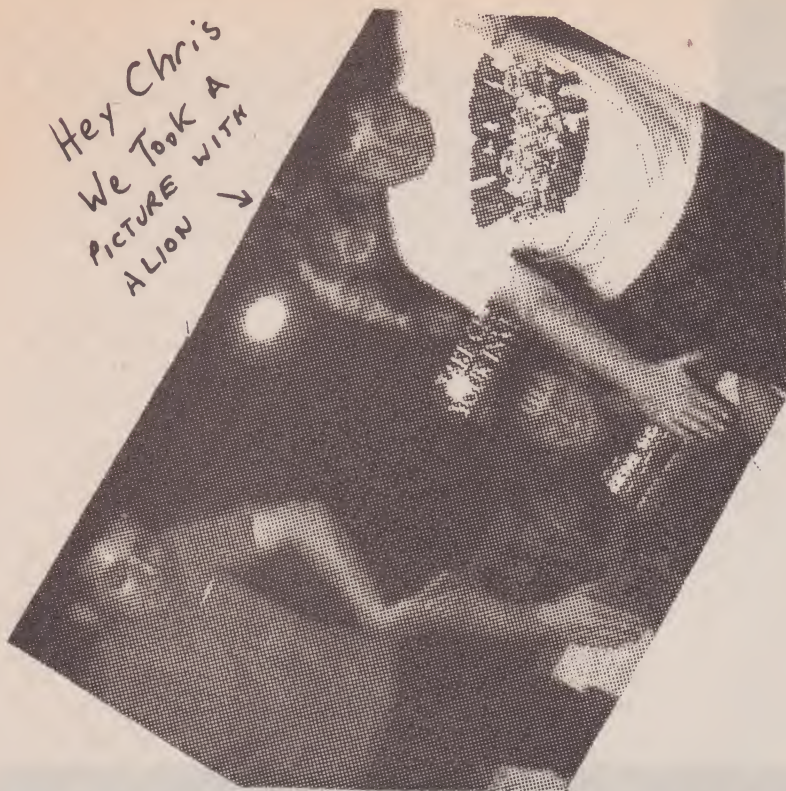


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